

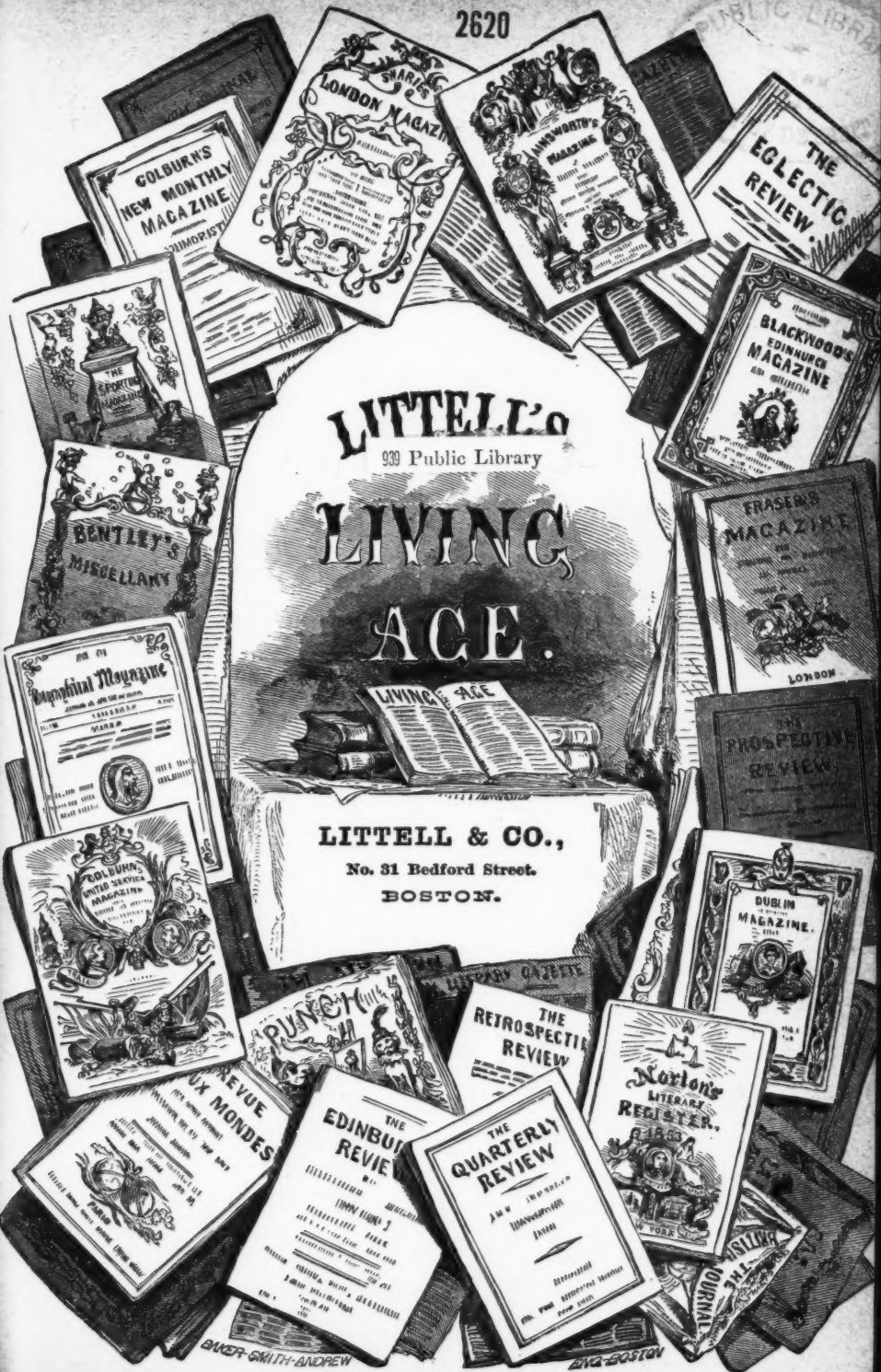
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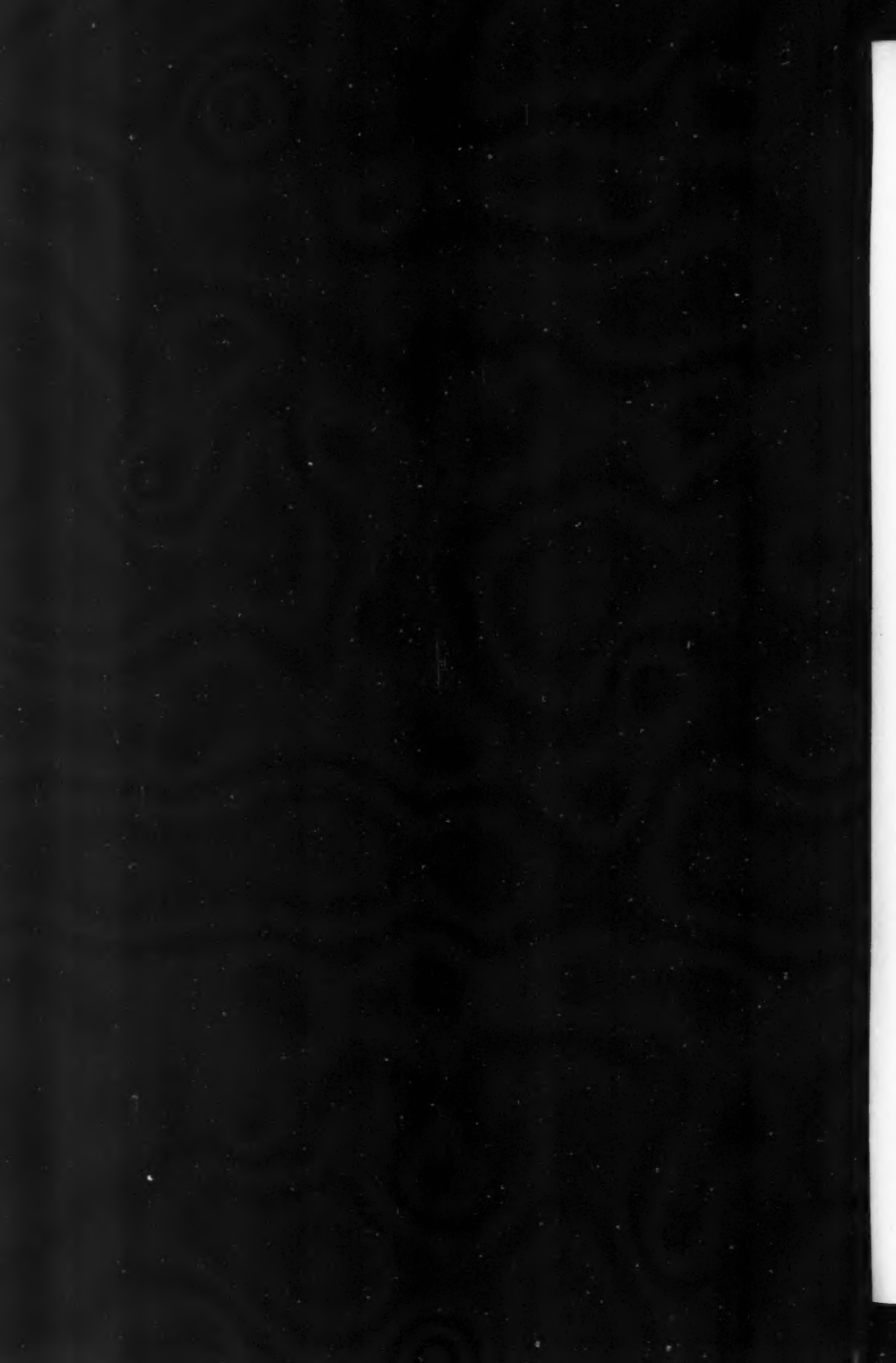
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ADMIRALS ALL.

A SONG OF SEA KINGS.

EFFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
 Here's to the bold and free !
 Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
 Hail to the Kings of the Sea !
 Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honor be yours and fame !
 And honor, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name !

Chorus.

Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honor be yours and fame !
 And honor, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name !

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
 With the galleons fair in sight ;
 Howard at last must give him his way,
 And the word was passed to fight.
 Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
 Since holidays first began ;
 He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
 And under the guns he ran.

Chorus.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
 Their cities he put to the sack ;
 He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
 And harried his ships to wrack.
 He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of
 bowls
 When the great Armada came ;
 But he said, "They must wait their turn,
 good souls,"
 And he stooped and finished the game.

Chorus.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
 Duncan he had but two ;
 But he anchored them fast where the
 Texel shoaled,
 And his colors aloft he flew.
 "I've taken the depth of a fathom," he
 cried,
 "And I'll sink with a right good will ;
 For I know when we're all of us under the
 tide
 My flag will be fluttering still."

Chorus.

Splinters were flying above, below,
 When Nelson sailed the Sound ;
 "Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"
 Said he, "for a thousand pound !"
 The admiral's signal bade him fly,
 But he wickedly wagged his head ;
 He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
 And "I'm damned if I see it !" he said.

Chorus.

Admirals all, they said their say
 (The echoes are ringing still).
 Admirals all, they went their way
 To the haven under the hill.
 But they left us a kingdom none can
 take —
 The realm of the circling sea —
 To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,
 And the Rodneys yet to be.

Chorus.

Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honor be yours and fame !
 And honor, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name !
 Longman's Magazine. HENRY NEWBOLT.

WALTER PATER.

(July 30, 1894.)

THE freshness of the light, its secrecy,
 Spices, or honey from sweet-smelling bower,
 The harmony of time, love's trembling
 hour

Struck on thee with a new felicity.
 Standing, a child, by a red hawthorn-tree,
 Its perishing, small petals' flame had power
 To fill with masses of soft, ruddy flower
 A certain roadside in thy memory ;
 And haply when the tragic clouds of night
 Were slowly wrapping round thee, in the
 cold

Of which men always die, a sense renewed
 Of the things sweet to touch and breath
 and sight,

That thou didst touch and breathe and see
 of old

Stole on thee with the warmth of gratitude.
 Academy. MICHAEL FIELD.

ON THE MOORS.

WOULD that my life were like to yours,
 Without a frown of discontent,
 But ever bright and innocent —
 Ye happy children of the moors !

For not a breeze blows there but tells
 How all things on those heights rejoice,
 In wafted fragrance, and the voice
 Of plovers on the distant fells.

And not a rill that finds its way
 Scarce heard amid the oozy fen,
 But brings a message down to men
 From regions where the clouds have sway.
 Spectator. J. L. THORNELY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MR. SECRETARY THURLOE.

A LITTLE to the south of the great gateway of Lincoln's Inn Buildings, facing Chancery Lane, may be seen one of those tablets for which we have to thank the Society of Arts, bearing in this instance the following inscription: "John Thurloe, Secretary of State to Cromwell, lived here during his tenure of office, 1647-59." The Society of Lincoln's Inn has no part in this memorial. Formerly one of the stones in the crypt of the chapel bore another inscription, now long since ground out by thousands of careless heels: "Here lyeth the body of John Thurloe, Esq., Secretary of State to the Protector Oliver Cromwell, and a member of this Honorable Society. He died Feb. 21, 1667.¹

Lincoln's Inn has forgotten John Thurloe. Who was he? Cromwell's greatest confidant, answer M. Guizot and others, and say no more. "One of the expertest secretaries, in the real meaning of the word secretary, any State or working King could have," is Carlyle's verdict. Private secretaries, unless they be Edmund Burkes, must expect to be merged in the personality of their chiefs; but to have been the most trusted adviser of Oliver Cromwell and chief of John Milton and Andrew Marvell, these are not quite small things. It may be worth while to learn something of such a man; more especially when we have for material the complete records of his office in the seven folio volumes known as Thurloe's State-Papers.

John Thurloe, son of the Rev. Thomas Thurloe, rector of Abbot's Roding in Essex, was born about the middle of the year 1616. We hear of him first as "servant" to Mr. Oliver St. John, the well-known St. John of the Long Parliament who became chief justice under the Protector. As we learn that St. John educated Thurloe, we may picture to ourselves the Essex squire and rising lawyer (for such was St. John) selecting the most promising

of the parson's large family for his clerk. This brought him in the year 1644 to his first State employment, as secretary to the Parliamentary commissioners (of whom his patron was one) in the fruitless negotiations with the king's party at Uxbridge. In 1647 he was admitted of Lincoln's Inn, and in the following year made clerk of the cursitor's fines under the commissioners of the great seal, a place worth £350 a year. In 1650 he was appointed an officer of the treasury of the Company of Adventurers for draining the fens; and as Cromwell himself was one of the company, it is probable that the two men met for the first time over its business. In March, 1651, however, Walter Strickland and Oliver St. John were sent over to Holland to negotiate a treaty with the Dutch, and took Thurloe with them for their secretary. Here he learned something of Holland and of diplomacy, though probably not much; for the negotiation broke down and the grand scheme which was to unite England and Holland in a single republic finally issued in the Navigation Act and the Dutch War. On his return from Holland Thurloe, always in St. John's service, seems to have been employed by him as steward of his property, from which business he was suddenly taken away by his appointment, in April, 1652, to be secretary of the Council of State. How he obtained the post we have no clue; but we possess St. John's letter to him on the occasion, which throws rather a pleasant light on the relations of the "dark-lantern man" to his former servant. He writes from Dalkeith, being employed there at the head of the commission engaged to settle the union with Scotland.

13 April, 1652.

MR. THURLOE, — I hear from Sir Henry Vane and others of your election into Mr. Frost's place [secretary to the Council of State]. God forbid I should in the least repine at any of his works of providence, much more at those relating to your own good and the good of many. No! I bless him. As soon as I heard the news in what concerned you I rejoiced in it upon these grounds. No! Go on and prosper; let

¹ Old style; March 3rd, 1668, new style.

not your hands faint ; wait upon him in his ways, and he that called you will cause his presence and blessing to go along with you. And if I were otherwise minded might I not fear a curse upon what concerns myself in seeking my own good above the good of many.

Your assured friend,
OL. ST. JOHN.

A few years later St. John was to address him as *sir*, and sign himself *your affectionate servant*, but Thurloe never destroyed this letter. We can understand the reason.

So at the age of thirty-six Thurloe was fairly installed at Whitehall ; as yet only the clerk of a council, not the right hand of an absolute governor, but already busy enough. The times were critical both at home and abroad. In the narrow seas the Dutch and English fleets were bickering with each other, exchanging first broadsides and then apologies, throughout the months of May and June, till the final declaration of war in July. At home the Rump Parliament, lulled into security by the victories of Dunbar and Worcester, modestly proposed to perpetuate itself in power, and accordingly found itself dismissed by Oliver Cromwell and a file of musketeers on the famous 20th of April, 1653. The Old Council of State was then dissolved, and a new one constituted with the Lord General Cromwell at its head, the first of many such changes to be witnessed by the secretary. Then in July the Barebones Parliament brought more new faces to Whitehall, notably those of Henry Cromwell and William Lockhart, with both of whom Thurloe was to have much business, immense correspondence, and, with Henry in particular, close and intimate friendship.

Yet another member of that Parliament was Thurloe to know well, namely George Monk, who was now at sea fighting against the Dutch. By virtue of his office Thurloe was in charge of the secret information of the State, and was already building up the system of intelligence which made Cromwell's secret service so famous in later days. The information which he

gathered as to Tromp's fleet, its strength, equipment, and movements, is very full and accurate. Copies of Tromp's own despatches, blunt and straightforward even when reporting defeat, found their way, by what means we can guess, to the office at Whitehall, and were doubtless valued at their true rate. Even with these advantages, however, seven furious actions and the death of Tromp himself alone sufficed to bring the Dutch to their knees. Then Thurloe's energies were turned from the military into the diplomatic channel. In June, 1654, four envoys, representing different parties and bitterly at variance with each other, were despatched from the United Provinces to treat for peace. Thurloe obtained copies of every despatch which they wrote and received, and thus possessed himself of their opinions of their mission and of each other — nay, sometimes of their opinions when drunk as well as when sober — which simplified the business of negotiation not a little.

But the palmiest days of Thurloe's office were not yet, though now close at hand. On the 11th of December, 1653, the Barebones Parliament declared that its further existence would not be for the good of the Commonwealth ; on the 15th Cromwell was installed as Lord Protector, and the Council was reconstituted for the fourth time since Thurloe's appointment as secretary. In a word, the fact was recognized that there was at that time but one means whereby England could be governed ; namely by setting at the head of affairs the man who had drilled the victorious party in the Civil War and led it through that war to some semblance of peace. It is the fashion to curse Cromwell's rule for a military despotism, instead of blessing it for having been at any rate a government. It is too often forgotten that the protectorate was simply a provisional government struggling honestly and unceasingly to find a permanent basis. "Truly," said Cromwell himself, "I have as before God often thought that I could not tell what my

business was, nor what was the place I stood in, save comparing myself to a good constable set to keep the peace of the parish." The disturbers of Cromwell's parish fell roughly into two divisions: those who sought to bring about the reign of Christ on earth; and those who wished to restore the reign of Charles Stuart in England. In the former class may be reckoned the Anabaptists, Quakers, Levellers, Fifth Monarchy men, and all the visionary, fanatical, self-seeking mass which had for the moment been welded together by the pressure of the struggle against royalty. The second category, the Royalists, stood in a different position. Their peculiar source of strength was that they knew exactly what they wanted, and labored not for an impossible ideal, but for a simple return to an old order. Being the group strongest in numbers and directness of purpose they became the general rallying-point of anti-Cromwellism; the nucleus to which all discontent attached itself with or without consistency. For if the millennium does not follow one reform bill it is bound to follow the next; and if the defeat of Charles failed to bring it to pass, the defeat of Cromwell could not fail to assure it. There was therefore but one way in which Cromwell could govern England; by keeping his foot firmly on the Royalist, and by checking sporadic irreconcilability gently or firmly as occasion demanded.

Clearly then Cromwell's first requisite was an efficient police. To nip rebellion in the bud, good intelligence, that is to say vigilance personal and vicarious, is everything; and the chief of Cromwell's intelligence department was John Thurloe. He was now secretary of state in a different sense; for the State was Cromwell, and we find that in virtue of his secret intelligence he was not only home secretary, foreign secretary, colonial secretary, and war secretary, but Cromwell's right hand man. He was further a member of the Council of State, being a man whose advice was worth having; a member of three Protectorate Parlia-

ments, acting as mouthpiece of the government when required; and lastly, general composer of differences and easer of friction in the public service at large.

Thurloe's first duty was of course to keep the Protector in supremacy, and therein the first consideration was to keep him alive; no very easy matter when we contemplate the interminable series of plots, conspiracies, and insurrections that were eternally hatching against him. We have not space to enumerate those that were frustrated even in the first year of the Protectorate, much less for an exhaustive list. Suffice it that the unravelling of these plots was one great business of Thurloe's life; and a task conducted with such skill as to shed a halo of romance around Cromwell's secret service. Burnet's history contains a deal of gossip about it, which however we prefer to set aside in favor of the solid information in the State papers.

One means of intelligence which is particularly prominent in the papers is the interception of letters. Thurloe in August, 1655, added the office of postmaster general to his other functions, chiefly no doubt to obtain control of the postmasters and the mails. The position and duties of the postmasters gave them special opportunities for observing anything dark or suspicious that might be going forward; and of these opportunities they were specially enjoined to avail themselves to the utmost, reporting in all cases to Thurloe himself. The mass of letters thus or otherwise intercepted is enormous, and of astonishing variety; but the interest thereof is dead, so we must pass them by with the remark that Thurloe intercepted at least fifty of Hyde's or of the king's letters, for one that Hyde intercepted of Thurloe's. We turn therefore to another matter within the scope of police, namely, seditious meetings, to all of which Thurloe sent his own reporters. One specimen of their reports we must give for its interest in exemplifying the persistence of a certain type of mountebank martyr in these British Islands. This following frag-

ment is from a speech delivered by Mr. Feak, the Anabaptist, on Monday, January 5th, 1656-7. "He [Feak] began to intimate that possibly there might be some court spies, some miserable intelligencer or intelligencers who came to take notes . . . he told among other things the story of his arrest, all the circumstances of which he did set out in a very pathetic way of speaking to move his audience to compassion, in the same manner as he represented all the other particulars and passages of his suffering in a very enlarged and ample oration. . . . I am almost weary of repeating this kind of stuff," concludes the unhappy reporter. "This is all I could collect [five huge folio pages] being far from candle-light, and my shoulders laden with a crowd of women riding upon the tops of the seats, so that this is but the fortieth part of what he rambled over."

Of other reports, sworn statements and the like, the number is endless; but none have any biographical interest except a letter from Oliver St. John, of all persons, invoking Thurloe's assistance for the arrest of his son. This son William, it appears, was rather an unsteady young man, had run away from home, and could not be found; so Chief Justice St. John, anticipating the methods of the elder Mirabeau, applied to Thurloe for *lettres de cachet*. Needless to say Thurloe soon restored the erring William to his father, who like a true Englishman decided that a ne'er-do-weel would be better in the colonies than in England, and despatched him to the West Indies. Thurloe evidently took pains, for St. John's sake, about the young man, for he caused reports of his behavior to be sent home to himself. These were not very satisfactory. "Mr. Will. St. John behaves himself very civilly, but is not willing to undertake any employment," wrote one correspondent from Jamaica. "He stands in need of money and hath had some of me." Who could wish it to be otherwise? We have met so many men of Mr. Will. St. John's stamp in the colonies that our heart quite warms towards him.

Let us now pass to a more complicated matter. Cromwell, according to Pepys, allowed £70,000 a year for intelligence, and thereby carried the secrets of all Europe at his girdle; and whatever the price paid, the main statement of Pepys is true. It was the rule in Thurloe's department to pay high for good intelligence rather than pay a little for bad. "Concerning a good correspondent at Rome," writes Thurloe's agent at Leghorn, "I doubt not to effect it to content when I shall know your resolution what you intend to spend therein. These people cannot be gained but by money, but for money they will do anything, adventure body and soul too. . . . Such intelligence must be procured from a monsignor, a secretary, or a cardinal. . . . I should say £1,000 a year were well spent, with £500 pension and now and then £100 gratuity." The court of the exiled king was the place where Thurloe's agents were busiest, and it is astonishing to find what men were in his pay. One at least of Charles's most intimate circle was permanently engaged. The first of these, one Manning, was unfortunately for him detected by Hyde and shot. A second, Sir Richard Willis, fell into Thurloe's hands first as a prisoner, arrested for complicity in a plot against Cromwell. He was released on accepting service under Thurloe, and was employed as a spy up to the very eve of the Restoration, without provoking the slightest suspicion from Charles or Hyde. A third, Colonel Bamfield, had been a "flaming Presbyterian Royalist," and had been trusted with the duty of smuggling the Duke of York out of England; but he was in Thurloe's pay even before the establishment of the Protectorate. Bamfield was rather a slippery creature, and required to be carefully watched; but he stood in particular awe of Thurloe, who kept him in great order and employed him to the very last. In fact Royalist officers, no doubt through the pressure of impecuniosity, seem to have been obtainable for spy's work without the least difficulty. Lord Broghill found one agent for Thurloe

in the person of one Colonel Blackadder (*Plackater* Broghill spells him phonetically) who had fought for the king all through the war in Scotland, and had lost an arm in his service. Broghill intimates that he has no doubt as to the reception of Blackadder by Charles; and Thurloe finally sent him abroad under an act of banishment to make him the more acceptable.

For other services "an ingenious priest or Jesuit" was preferred, especially in Catholic countries, but any "suitable active Papist" was gladly welcomed. No possible advantages of kinship, or sentiment, or religion were overlooked in the search for intelligencers. Sir James Macdonnell, "head of that clan and name in Scotland," was prevailed upon to use ties of clanship in order to obtain intelligence from two kinsmen serving with the Spanish armies. "He said," writes Lord Broghill, "that nothing in the world would induce them to be intelligencers to me, but they should be his intelligencers, and whatever they sent him he would forthwith despatch to me. . . . He would prevail with them not to remove their families, both as better hostages to their faithful dealing, and better spurs to their diligence."

The command of such a secret service gave Thurloe a knowledge of foreign affairs which was probably unequalled in Europe. His agents were scattered all over the Continent, and he himself held all the ends of the strings at home. The best proof of its efficiency is the fact that all conspiracies whether for assassination or insurrection at home, or invasion from abroad, were timefully and decisively crushed. The "vigilancy of Thurloe" passed almost into a proverb, for it seemed as though nothing could be kept from him. He himself, however, appears to have treated this portion of his duties in the most matter-of-fact fashion. "I shall in the story that I am to tell go back no further than winter was twelvemonth," he says casually, in reporting the discovery of one serious conspiracy to

Parliament. "These many months," he writes respecting another plot, "I have known the agents dispersed up and down for the purpose, and some of the chief persons they depend upon for their enterprise, and some of the places they intend to begin at. . . . I have now made the designs of invasion and insurrection as evident and demonstrable as if they [the conspirators] had done both." Nevertheless the strain of work and anxiety must have been appalling; and it is significant to note that the suppression of a conspiracy is almost invariably followed by a temporary breakdown of Thurloe's health. Being an Essex man he was subject to fever and ague, which seems to have seized him after all periods of extraordinary pressure of work. That he had his reward in the gratitude of Cromwell we cannot doubt; but he received, so far as we know, no public recognition of his services in this department except on one occasion a vote of thanks from the House of Commons. It is worth while, therefore, to record a short spontaneous outburst of admiration from young Henry Cromwell. "Really," he wrote, "it is a wonder you can pick as many locks leading into the hearts of wicked men as you do; and it is a mercy, we ought to own, that God has made your labors therein so successful." There was also this discouragement to his efforts, that Cromwell treated the offenders in these plots for the most part with great lenience, until at the last he began to lose patience, and was severe to the Royalists, "judging it very unreasonable," to use Thurloe's own words, "that we should be alarmed once every year with invasions or insurrections by them."

It may be thought that this business of detection might have sufficed as work for one man; but it was only a portion of Thurloe's task. All the threads of diplomatic business were held by his hand, and diplomacy was active in the years of the Protectorate as of every provisional government. Negotiations with Holland, with Spain (until the war), with France, with

Denmark, with Sweden, to say nothing of smaller matters, kept his agents and himself continually busy, particularly when men like Mazarin were to be dealt with. Unceasing vigilance was his motto in this as in other matters. Nor was he less active in the matter of military intelligence; indeed he was never more exacting towards his agents than in this province, rating them soundly for omissions, and plainly showing by his directions that he was as much a master of their business as of his own. Perhaps his greatest triumph was the interception of the Spanish plate-fleet at Teneriffe by Blake in April, 1657. That fleet was watched, partly by good luck and partly by good management, from as far back as the previous November. The first clue as to its destination was furnished by a volunteer intelligencer from Jamaica. The agents at Leghorn and Madrid, with their subordinates at the various ports, verified it by questioning every skipper who came into port from across the Atlantic; and the result was that Blake was at Santa Cruz at the right moment.

It is not difficult to conceive how one who held so many strands of administration should grow to be recognized not only as the best medium of communication with the Protector, but also as the chief working-man of the government. No one who has had to do with government offices is ignorant that there is generally one man (he may be the highest or the lowest) in every department who alone is worth approaching for the transaction of business. Such a man was Thurloe in the days of the Protectorate. Every one seems to have applied to him, whatever their business; even if it were a divine who desired advice as to the public baptism of a Turkish convert, or a sea-captain who wished for rules as to the precedence of the British and French flags when the fleets sailed in company, or an ambassador's wife who sought for an enlargement of her husband's suite. For Thurloe seems to have been one of those men, so invaluable in keeping any service

together, who is everybody's friend. Officers on foreign service never hesitated to trouble him about their private affairs; and Thurloe, so far as can be judged from the test of a few cases out of many, never failed to give help where he could. So rising a man as William Lockhart, when proceeding on his first diplomatic mission to the French court, could write and beg Thurloe not to call him "your Excellency," for that he really "owned him as his master and revered him as his father." When we remember that all official salaries were in arrear in those days we can better understand how invaluable such a man as Thurloe must have been to the public service.

And this consideration leads us to the most interesting passage of Thurloe's life, to his relations with Cromwell's son Henry. Beyond Whitehall there were two men on whose shoulders the burden of government principally lay, George Monk in Scotland and Henry Cromwell in Ireland. Both of these Thurloe kept carefully informed of all current news, holding them in touch with Whitehall by admitting them, though at a distance, to its councils. But Henry Cromwell was to Thurloe not merely a fellow-official, but a pupil of high promise from whom great things were expected. At the outset Henry's career was purely military. He had entered the army at sixteen, become a captain at twenty, and at twenty-two was a colonel fighting in Ireland under his father. Early in 1654 he was entered at Gray's Inn; but was almost immediately despatched to Ireland to report on affairs in general. After a short stay he returned to England, but in the following year was sent over once more to supersede Fleetwood, at first with the title of major-general only, but latterly with the title as well as the office of lord deputy. From the day of his arrival at Dublin until the fall of Richard Cromwell, Henry and Thurloe maintained a regular correspondence, which is among the most interesting of all the records of the Protectorate.

Ireland, when Henry took over the

administration, was quiet enough so far as open rebellion was concerned; but, as in England, there were mutinous and discontented spirits in the army, and indeed in the Council of government itself, the worst of them being John Hewson, afterwards known as the "lucky shoemaker" of Cromwell's House of Lords. Hewson, and other veterans of the Civil War, by no means approved of the substitution of Henry for Fleetwood. The latter was a weak, vacillating creature, not over loyal to the Protector, an old comrade of theirs and easily moulded to their will. Henry was imperious, zealous, and capable, devoted to his father, highly impatient of obstruction or delay, and barely eight-and-twenty. The consequence was that before he had been in Ireland a month he was in violent battle with some of his Council, who, having failed in an endeavor to retain Fleetwood, were trying every means, honest or dishonest, to undermine Henry's authority. The mischief was serious, for the spirit of insubordination spread at once. A meeting of disaffected officers at Wexford, "put it to the question whether the present government were according to the word of God, and carried it in the negative." Henry, a quick-tempered man, was furious, and vented his feelings in indignant letters to Thurloe, complaining at great length of the treatment which he had received and inveighing vehemently against the disloyalty of Hewson and all other Anabaptists. It is pleasant to see with what tact Thurloe smooths down Henry's ruffled feathers. Of course, he says, these men have behaved very badly to you; and we know it as well as you, "and therefore I hope neither your Lordship nor any sober man will be troubled with these things . . . hard sayings, yea, reproaches and worse is the portion of the best men in these uncertain and giddy times, and you must not think to go shot-free; only, let me entreat you not to be jealous that you are the least misunderstood by your friends here." This was Henry's first lesson in the art of governing men. He took it in

good part, called his irreconcilables together, assured them gently that he meant to be master, and dismissed them with the kiss of peace. "But," he wrote to Thurloe, with the delightful confidence of eight-and-twenty, "I do not think that God has given them a spirit of government."

Then for a few months the insubordinate spirits in Ireland were quiet; but by the summer of 1656 the trouble had begun again, and this time Henry not only sent long letters of complaint, but asked permission to resign, all in an extremely injured and sulky tone. Once again Thurloe smoothed the ruffled plumes, and forced him gently back to his work. His difficulties, he admitted, had been and would be trouble enough: "But, my lord, it is not *your* portion alone. If opposition, reproaches, hard thoughts and speeches of all sorts would have made his Highness to have quitted his relation to the public, he had surely done it long since. And I persuade myself your Lordship cannot be ignorant how he hath been exercised in this kind. Everybody can keep his place when all men applaud him, speak well of him. But not to faint in the day of adversity, — that is the matter. He that looks for more than his own integrity and sincerity at this time of day for his reward will be mistaken; and truly he that hath can look difficulties enough in the face."

These two brief extracts must suffice to show how delicately Thurloe could handle men. Henry, it is clear, was a remarkably able administrator; but he was extremely difficult to manage. He had all the selfishness that belongs to a masterful nature; he was desperately jealous of his father's good opinion, very suspicious even of his most trusted advisers, absolutely devoid of all sense of the ludicrous, and as a natural consequence almost morbidly sensitive. The disloyal factions in the Councils of State both at Whitehall and in Dublin were quite aware of his failings, and took constant advantage of them to excite friction between Henry and the central government, by obstructing Irish business at Whitehall

and spreading invidious reports. Their greatest feat in the latter kind, quite a stroke of genius in its way, was to compare Henry to Absalom, who stole away the hearts of Israel from his father. Henry went frantic with rage, wrote violent letters abusing everybody and everything, sent in his resignation, and demanded summary punishment of the author of the phrase. Thurloe in vain strove to show him the absurdity of such a course; but Henry only became more violent, and complained that his authority was never supported. Thurloe, however, would neither quarrel with him nor truckle to him. "You asked me what I think," he wrote in effect, "and I have told you; and I am sure you would not wish me to profess an opinion which I do not hold." And within a few weeks Henry discovers that Thurloe, without saying a word, has procured for him greater powers in his commission as lord deputy than he had ever hoped for. Straightway he overflows with gratitude: "For your care and industry, for your seasonable advice and prayers I owe you more thanks than I can now go about to express." But after a month or two Henry again becomes impatient with the attitude of Whitehall to Ireland, and writes to Thurloe not only with vehemence but with impertinence, ending finally with a note so extremely curt that he himself was frightened at it. "I have not heard this month from Mr. Secretary," he wrote to Lord Broghill. "I really wish if he be under any resentment I could tell which way to show my affection to him. Pray let me know as particularly as you can concerning him. He is a man of much worth, and has shown a particular affection for me." Thurloe was not offended, but broken down by ague and overwork; and then it seems to have occurred to Henry for the first time that Thurloe's tasks were even more difficult than his own. In its ordinary course the correspondence of the two men breathes the same tone; a rare loftiness of public spirit, a consciousness of almost insurmountable difficulties, with a firm resolution to

stand up to them. From time to time Henry breaks down. He clamors for heroic remedies, or like Elijah throws himself on the ground. Then the unwearied secretary, amid all the press of his own work, raises him up with, "Go, return." Your father, he says in effect, cannot break with all his old allies; we must do our best with things as we find them. Back to your work.

And thus the two men approached the last desperate year of the Protectorate, with the sad knowledge that in spite of all efforts at conciliation the provisional government was no nearer to settlement into a permanent government than at its outset. From the beginning Henry had advocated a reversal of Cromwell's policy. He would have had him break with all the unmanageable sections, political and religious, which, though they had fought with him against Charles, were now conspiring in turn against him. "Does not your peace depend upon his Highness's life?" he wrote. "I say, beneath the immediate hand of God there is no other reason why we are not in blood at this day." Let the Protector then have done with false friends and the so-called old cause; let there be a new cause, the cause of Oliver Cromwell and peace in England, and let the Protector stand or fall by it. And this in fact Cromwell was inclined to do. "His Highness declares that henceforth he will take his own resolutions," says Thurloe; and it was time. That most significant symptom, hopeless disorder of the finances, was showing itself with terrible intensity, and rapidly hastening a crisis. But Cromwell's resolution was taken too late. In the same letter wherein he speaks of it, Thurloe mentions that the Protector is at Hampton Court as well for his own health as for that of his daughter Elizabeth Claypole. This was in July, 1658; on the 6th of August, Elizabeth Claypole died, and a few days before her death Cromwell himself had sickened. By a strange irony the birth of the new policy was bound up with the death of the only man who could execute it.

From that day forward the letters follow close on each other, full of sad forebodings and sickening anxiety. One postscript brings us almost to the door of the sick-room. "His Highness is just now entering into his fit. I beseech the Lord to be favorable to him in it." The dying Protector was moved from Hampton Court to St. James's, and very soon it was seen that all hope of his recovery was vain. Then arose the question as to his successor. Cromwell had nominated one in a sealed letter addressed to Thurloe a year before, but had revealed the name to no one. Search was made for this letter, but it was never found, then or afterwards. There is a mystery hanging over this transaction, and over the succession of Richard which will never be cleared up. We have no space to enter into it here. Two things alone seem certain: that Thurloe was the only man who dared approach the dying Cromwell on the subject; and that he and others looked to see the succession fall on Henry rather than Richard. The matter was to no individual more important than to Thurloe, who was by the nature of the case bound to be the successor's chief adviser. Here is his account of the matter to Henry.

WHITEHALL.

Saturday, 4 September, 1658.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY, — I did by an express on Monday give your Excellency an account of his Highness's sickness and the danger he was in. Since then it hath pleased God to put an end to his days. He died yesterday about four of the clock in the afternoon. I am not able to speak or write. This stroke is so sore, so unexpected, the providence of God in it so stupendous, considering the person that is fallen, the time and season wherein God took him away with other circumstances, that I can do nothing but put my mouth in the dust and say, It is the Lord.

His Highness was pleased before his death to declare my Lord Richard successor. The Lord hath so ordered it that the Council and the Army hath received him with all manner of affection. He is this day proclaimed; and hitherto there seems a great face of peace. The Lord continue it.

So the end was come. Richard, not Henry, was Protector; and there was nothing for Thurloe but to serve Richard as faithfully as he had served his father, which he joyfully did. Richard held one great trump card, Henry Cromwell and his army in Ireland; but the difficulty was to know when to play it. Henry begged to be allowed to resign, and come to England; but though anxious for his presence, Thurloe did not dare to let Ireland pass from his hands, and accordingly Henry, though much against his own will, remained in Dublin. The mutinous officers in England soon showed their hand by petitioning Richard, in effect, to resign all control of the army. Richard yielded so far as to give them Fleetwood for major-general, but firmly declined to relinquish the supreme control; giving his reasons in a very temperate but firm and quite unanswerable speech, which was written for him by Thurloe. The officers then tried a different plan. They knew that their two most formidable rivals were Thurloe and Henry, and they concentrated their attacks against them. As it happened, Thurloe fell ill at this time and was unable to attend the Council, so that it was not difficult for them to decry him, upset his work, and sow dissension between him and Henry. Thus Thurloe, on his recovery, found that Henry's new commission as lord deputy of Ireland had been tampered with in Council, and that Henry was furious with him in consequence. This matter was soon put right; but other difficulties were not so easily adjusted. The officers gave him no rest. They invaded the sick man's chamber, and reproached him as he lay white and weak, "not able to put pen to paper without throwing himself down again in the bed." And all that the officers had to complain of was that Richard trusted him, and was led entirely by his advice. Thurloe wrote the story in weariness of mind and body to Henry, and offered Richard his resignation. But Richard, to his credit, would not accept it; he was at any rate a Cromwell. "Truly, my lord," wrote

Thurloe, "his Highness hath carried himself very steadily and with honor hitherto in all these agitations; and I am persuaded is not afraid of men." Still the persecution of Thurloe continued, until he wrote to warn Henry that he might have to fly to him for protection. Henry on his side begged once more to be allowed to join his brother; but was told that neither he nor Ireland were safe, if separated.

The mutinous officers, finding themselves too weak to stand alone, coalesced with the malcontents and fanatics of all shades, and prepared then for more decided action. But first came the last memorial of the great Oliver, the public obsequies to his wax effigy. Everything passed off quietly "but alas! it was his funeral" wrote Thurloe pathetically, one of the few sincere mourners in the Abbey on that day. A week later the Council of State decided to call a Parliament, and every one became active; the Republicans, poor foolish mortals, "disputing what kind of Commonwealth they should have, taking for granted they may pick and choose." Thurloe was elected for three seats, Tewkesbury, Huntingdon, and the university of Cambridge, for the last through the influence of his old patron St. John, who was chancellor of the university. Thurloe had no connection with Cambridge, but the university judged him to be *pulchre eligibilis*, and naturalized him by conferring on him the degree of master of arts, which, together with the seat, he gratefully accepted. He had evidently recovered his health and spirits by this time, for he wrote to Henry that he meant to stand up to his adversaries to the last.

The Parliament met on the 27th of January, 1659, and settled down to obstruction at once; obstruction of the modern kind as any one who studies Burton's diary may see. The worst offender was Sir Arthur Haselrigge, one of the five arrested heroes and never forgetful of the fact. The type of man is perennial. "My friends, Mr. Hampden, Mr. Pym, and Mr. Strode" (Holles omitted for good rea-

sons) — "O fortunatam natam me consule Romam!" Haselrigge in this Parliament excelled himself with speeches of three hours and the like, wherein he had of course his peers, Thomas Scot, Luke Robinson, and Sir Henry Vane, and worse still his imitators among the rising generation. "Mr. [name not given] stood up and told a long story about Cain and Abel, and made a speech nobody knew to what purpose." So deliberate was the offence, so patent the intention, that it was openly said that the Dutch (who were behaving rather suspiciously just then) would gladly give the House £2,000 a day to waste time in this fashion. Hours of protracted debate were occupied by the important question whether or no Sergeant Waller could present a report to the House without "making his three legs," that is, three congees or bows. At last, after five days of such trifling, Mr. Secretary Thurloe stood up, "very suddenly and abruptly," and said, quite in the Cromwellian manner, "You have spent some time about the forms of your House, it is now time to mind other things;" and therewith he proceeded to move the first reading of a bill for the recognition of Richard and of the government established under him. From that moment he seems to have acted as leader of the House of Commons in the modern sense, laying before it all questions and proposals of financial, domestic, and foreign policy. He appears to have spoken as little as possible; waiting as a rule till the chatter of debate had subsided, and then summing up the business before the House with great temper and judgment. Occasionally impatience forced him into a certain crudeness of utterance, as for instance, "You may make as advantageous a peace as you please with Spain, if you spoil it not by your discourse here." But for the most part he bided his time and carried his Bill of Recognition and other points with quiet pertinacity and address. Once only did he blaze out into extreme indignation, and then he had

some excuse. A Royalist plotter, who had been exiled to Barbados and had made his escape, presented a petition to the House stating that Mr. Secretary had sold him into slavery for £100. All signs point to the probability that this was a carefully prepared scheme to obtain Thurloe's expulsion from the House; and it appears that things would have gone hard with him, in spite of his proved innocence, but for an accident. The subject, of course, gave great opportunity for high talk about the liberties of free-born Englishmen and so forth, which was taken advantage of to the utmost. But unfortunately in the middle of it, a certain Major-General Browne rose and gave a particular account of the long confinement, hardship, and suffering, which he, always a good Parliamentarian, had endured at the hands of the Long Parliament. After this nothing more was said about the liberties of free-born Englishmen, and Thurloe was left unharmed.

Nevertheless he did not deceive himself as to the doubtfulness of his prospects. "I am not wise enough," he wrote (April 13th, 1659) "to understand the present condition of affairs here. We spend much time in great matters and make little progress therein." The end was very near. The army once more (April 6th, 1659) came to the front with an address to Richard, setting forth its want of pay, the designs of its enemies, and the danger therefrom to "the good old cause." Richard passed the petition to the House of Commons, which read and ignored it. Thereupon the army grew more pressing and called a meeting of officers for the 20th of April. The House, as a counterblast, on the 18th passed at one sitting and in a great hurry a vote to prohibit meetings of officers, and other votes to the same effect; and Richard ordered all officers to their regiments. There is evidence that Thurloe spent the night of the 19th of April in desperate negotiation with the leaders of the Republicans and of the soldiers; but to no purpose. The officers held their forbidden meet-

ing; and General Disbrowe, Richard's uncle, informed him that if he did not dissolve Parliament the army would do it for him. On the 21st Richard called his advisers together and sought their counsel. The majority were for a dissolution; but Richard fought the point, according to one account, all night, and until four o'clock next morning, with Thurloe alone at his back, maintaining that a dissolution would be his ruin and theirs. At last however Richard gave in, consented to dissolve Parliament, and therewith terminated his period of rule, probably with no great unwillingness. He seems to have been an indolent creature, but by no means a fool, nor, as Thurloe recognized, afraid of men. It required some courage to say openly to an assembly of his father's generals: "Here is Dick Ingoldsby who will neither preach nor pray, and yet I will trust him before ye all."

So Richard retired, and his brother-in-law Fleetwood, in the name of the army brought back the Rump of the Long Parliament to reign in his stead. Henry Cromwell resigned his command in Ireland also, taking occasion to write a letter to the speaker so mercilessly biting in its sarcasm as to give great offence at Westminster. The fall of Richard of course carried with it the fall of Thurloe. A new Council of State was installed, and Thomas Scot, a noisy, incompetent windbag, succeeded him as secretary. It must have been at this time that Thurloe carried off his papers to Lincoln's Inn and hid them in the false ceiling in his chambers, where they remained undiscovered and unsuspected until the reign of William the Third.

He still retained the threads of secret intelligence, and flatly refused to give Scot the names of his intelligencers when asked for them, knowing well that betrayal would mean death to more than one. For the rest he seems to have borne himself as highly when overthrown as in power, commanding the admiration even of Hyde's agents. "This only I rejoice in," writes one, "that Secretary Thurloe dares boldly

defy them, he having taken no man's money, invaded no man's privilege, nor abused his own authority, which is and merits to be great, the weight of all foreign and almost all domestic affairs lying on him." The fact was that his withdrawal threw much of the administrative machinery out of gear; and it is stated that he preserved his safety under the Rump mainly by granting occasional doles of information. His main principle remained unchanged, the exclusion of the Stuarts at any cost; so he employed himself, in alliance with his old chief St. John, in countermining Hyde's approaches to various men of influence in England. He was so successful that Hyde feared he should have to exclude him from the coming Act of Oblivion; while Hyde's emissaries frankly declared him, with St. John and Pierpoint, to be "beasts."

In February, 1660, after the changes consequent on Monk's arrival in London, the wheel turned, and Thurloe found himself in office once more. Whereat a hum of delight ran through the ranks of the British agents abroad: "Our old chief has come back!" Thomas Scot had been a sad change from John Thurloe. Hyde was prodigiously annoyed. "I peeped," says one of Thurloe's ubiquitous intelligencers, "into a letter of Hyde's in which was this passage among many others: 'I am extremely sorry to hear that Thurloe is again like to get into employment, who knows so well the art of doing mischief, and who is, I am afraid, without any remorse for what he has done.'"

So Thurloe returned to his old work, intercepting Hyde's letters and check-mating him at point after point. But it was useless. Thurloe was aware from his intelligence, and not less from other indications, that the end was come. He wished, for instance, for a seat in the Convention Parliament, and wrote to a friend at Bridgnorth about seeking election there. The letter was returned with much grief and sorrow of heart. Time had been when the writer had so good an interest in Bridgnorth as to prevail for burgesses "un-

worthy to be named in the same day with Mr. Thurloe;" but those days were gone.

Clearly the game was up. A fortnight later, Hyde received "very frank overtures" from Thurloe, which seem to have puzzled him a good deal. Thurloe had outwitted him so often that Hyde looked at his letter with almost comical timidity. The next that we hear of Thurloe is the order for his arrest for high treason on the 15th of May, 1660; and a further order, six weeks later, allowing him free liberty to pass to and from the secretary of state's office. So Thurloe made his peace with the Stuarts, by what means we can only guess, and regained his liberty. Two papers on the foreign policy of the Protectorate mark the transfer of his work to his successor; but these contain only information, advice being studiously excluded. It is said that the new king pressed him hard to take employment in his service, but without success. He had served a master (he said) whose rule was to seek out men for places, not places for men, a phrase which has not the ring of genuineness, and was probably never uttered by him. His last interference, characteristically enough, was a letter to the speaker of the House of Commons in favor of his old master, St. John: "The truth is that my Lord St. John was so far from being a confidant of his [Cromwell's] that those who loved and valued him had something to do to preserve him under that government,"—a curious light on the lasting attachment of the former servant to his first master.

He retired, we are told, to his seat at Great Milton in Oxfordshire, coming up to his chambers at Lincoln's Inn during term-time. Nevertheless he lost heavily by the Restoration, having to forfeit a new house which he had built on lands granted him from the confiscated estate of the See of Ely. It is pathetic to read that he had built it on the model of St. John's seat at Long Thorp, probably enough to realize some boyish ambition that he, the poor parson's son, would one day live

in a house like the squire's. We may, therefore, picture him as still somewhat of a celebrity at Lincoln's Inn in the early days of the Restoration. Very strange his thoughts must have been as he watched the Irreconcilables meeting their inevitable fate. Perhaps with Evelyn he saw the quarters of Thomas Scot, "mangled, cut, and reeking," borne in baskets along the Strand; perhaps with Pepys he saw Harrison on the scaffold at Tower Hill. Henry Vane and Arthur Haselrigge, the high-spirited gentlemen, Okey and Overton, good soldiers both, met with the same fate as Venner, the rebellious wine-cooper. These and many others had plotted against the Protector, and he had spared them,—for this! Thurloe lived to see Dunkirk sold to the French, Dunkirk which had cost him such mountains of work, had brought such glory to the Red-Coats and such joy to the Lord Protector, sold, so folks said and believed, to satisfy the rapacity of the king's concubines. He lived to see London depopulated by the plague of 1665 and desolated by the fire of 1666; and, worst of all, he lived to hear the roar of the Dutch guns in the Medway in 1667. Fate spared him little. He died suddenly on the 21st of February, 1667-8, in his chambers at Lincoln's Inn, and lies somewhere in the crypt of Lincoln's Inn Chapel. He was one of the most remarkable figures of a great period; and no man knoweth his sepulchre to this day.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE CONFESSION OF TIBBIE LAW.

THE minister was in his study preparing his sermon for the coming Sunday—at least, he would have said he was preparing it if anybody had asked him what he was doing. The table was strewn with loose sheets of paper and one or two big books of reference. The minister was reposing in an exhausted attitude on the sofa, which being rather short, forced him to hang his feet over the end, and display the soles of his boots. Next Sunday would

be only the fifth since Mr. Morton had come to the parish. He was a young man of talent, and had come full of hope and confidence, nothing doubting of his power to waken up the sleepy farmers and farm-laborers with his cultured eloquence, and fill their minds with entirely new light. But he had not hitherto met with the appreciation or the notice he expected. He had been warned by some of his elders that many of the old people would be averse to new ideas, but they had not seemed in the least roused or interested by anything he said, not even shocked. He would have liked to shock them. He had quoted Herbert Spencer and Matthew Arnold, and had been listened to with perfect serenity; he had praised Keble's "Christian Year" and the "Lyra Anglicana," and had spoken patronizingly of Cardinal Newman, but the congregation had preserved its usual stolid demeanor. Perhaps his new parishioners had never even heard of the distinguished persons he alluded to. It was disgusting!

But this afternoon Mr. Morton felt better. He had mixed for once in intelligent society; he had sat in a drawing-room which was full of sweetness and light; he had partaken of food which appealed to the cultured sense. In other words, he had been to luncheon with Sir George and Lady Cunningham, who were the largest landowners in the parish, and were, besides, a pleasant, intelligent young couple. Mr. Morton raised himself a little on the sofa to survey his study. It was not an uncomfortable room by any means; and when the manse had been renovated after the late minister's death, this study had been pronounced by the heritors who paid for it to be "perfect—a model of convenience." Perhaps, from an æsthetic point of view, it still left something to be desired. There was a new Brussels carpet on the floor to replace the old drugget; it was a sober carpet, and had a complicated geometrical pattern in mustard-color on a sage-green ground. The old red flock paper had

been taken from the walls, and the new one was of a crushed strawberry tint; the doors, shutters, and mantelpiece were painted to match, and relieved with panels of chocolate-brown. House-painters, when left to follow their own taste, seem fond of chocolate-brown. The purple leather sofa and armchair, being perfectly good, had been left as they were. It was all much more comfortable than anything the minister had been accustomed to, but somehow the *tout ensemble* was not exhilarating. He lifted his eyes once more to the chocolate-brown cornice, and heaved a sigh as he turned again to his sermon. There was to be a good deal of speculation in this next sermon upon the possible future of the human race, and upon whether life was worth living, and there should be poetry in it, of a depressing and pessimistic nature. Lady Cunningham might very likely go to church, and she at least was a cultivated person, and would understand. It would really be worth while to buy a dictionary of quotations, if those people were to be at home all the autumn.

Before he had made up his mind to begin work, the door opened, and the old housekeeper thrust in her head. Mr. Morton had thought himself fortunate, when he arrived, in being able to retain the services of the housekeeper who had been with his predecessor. She was a respectable, elderly woman who understood her work, but she did not understand, and indeed had no patience with, the refinements which the new minister would have liked to introduce, and her manner seemed to him familiar, if not insolent. He dared not find fault, nor even hint his disapproval, but he writhed inwardly when she dashed into his room without knocking, or banged the door to with her foot.

"There a woman seekin' ye," she said briefly.

"Did you tell her I was engaged?"

"I telt her ye'd likely be sweeter to come," returned the housekeeper. "That's her gude-mither, auld Tibbie Law, that's decin', an' she was speirin'

what way Mr. Henderson never came to put up a bit prayer. They couldna gar her ken, puir body, that he's awa'; but her gude-dochter thinks she'll maybe be content wi' you."

This was not a summons that was flattering to Mr. Morton's vanity, and he took credit to himself for the calm and dignified tone in which he signified his willingness to go and see his aged parishioner, "as soon as he could make time to do so." The housekeeper withdrew with this message, and the minister sat down again to his sermon. Mr. Morton hated visiting; it was a duty he had always shrunk from, even when his work had been in a town, and here in the country it was fifty times worse. For one thing, the distances were so great. He kept no horse or pony, and could not have managed it if he had; he had to trust entirely to his own legs, which, though long, were more adapted for hanging over the end of the sofa than for taking rough country walks. In town he had been accustomed to take the air in omnibuses and tramway cars; here he had to tramp long miles through the mud, and then be scolded by his housekeeper for bringing so much of it in on his boots. Besides, the receptions he had met with had not always been very cordial. He found the farmers distrustful and taciturn, their wives uninteresting; and as to their daughters, his conscience did not permit him to talk much to young ladies, lest he should awaken hopes which might never be realized. Then the poor people were certainly very thick-headed and ignorant, and would never understand him. True, he had not as yet made their acquaintance; there was time enough for that. Mr. Morton dipped his pen in the ink, and tried to forget the interruption he had just met with, but somehow his ideas refused to come. He had a tender conscience, as has been seen, and a kind heart, and he could not put away the thought of the poor old woman who had sent for him. How sad it would be if she were to die without the aid of his ghostly counsel!—how he would reproach him-

self ! True, he had already paid one visit to-day, and could not reasonably be expected to do more ; but a pastor's time belongs to his flock, and he was ready to sacrifice himself. In another half-hour he was in the village, where he soon found out Tibbie Law's cottage. It stood a little apart, and had once had a garden, the remains of which gave the cottage a picturesque look. The white rose and the honeysuckle which grew on each side of the door had not been pruned for years, and covered the low, red-tiled roof with their interlaced branches and clusters of blossom ; while amongst the loose, cracked flagstones near the door some blue columbines and lupins still flourished, in company with an old tin can, a broken milk-strainer, and an iron pot half full of potatoes, in which a hen and two chicks were picking. The inmates of the cottage seemed to be fond of flowers, for a pot of geraniums stood in front of each of the small windows, and more than answered the purpose of blinds, for the room was so dark that the minister when he first came in could distinguish nothing except the tall figure of Tibbie's daughter-in-law, who moved forward to meet him, a little child clinging to her skirts. When his eyes got accustomed to the darkness, he could see that the room, though small, had little of the bareness of poverty ; it was close, untidy, and crowded with unnecessary things. The large mahogany chest of drawers was piled with a loaf of bread, two cheeses, and some evil-smelling compound in an earthenware bowl. There were also two armchairs, which looked as if they had once seen better days. One was placed near the fire to receive the bannocks as they were taken off the girdle ; the other seemed intended for the accommodation of visitors, and was drawn close to the box-bed, to which the woman now directed Mr. Morton by a movement of her hand.

"She's sleepin', surely," said the daughter-in-law. "She's gleg enough whiles. Are ye sleepin', gude-mither ? here the minister to ye."

Mr. Morton stepped nearer, and

looked at the figure in the bed. It was a small, old face, so curiously puckered with wrinkles that the skin looked like crumpled parchment ; the eyes were dim and glassy ; but when the old woman roused herself on hearing her daughter's speech, the film suddenly cleared away, and they shone out so black and piercing as almost to startle the visitor. She held out a claw-like hand, while the sharp eyes peered into his face.

"I hope you do not suffer much," he said, not knowing what to say, and feeling rather embarrassed by her scrutiny of him. The old woman either did not hear, or did not think the question worth replying to.

"Ou ay," she said indifferently, letting her head fall back upon the pillow. "Sit down—sit down. What's the use o' you, Eelen, that ye dinna tak awa' the cats frae aneath the minister ?"

Mr. Morton jumped up nervously—he had a horror of cats. One had jumped off the chair as he was going to sit upon it, and Helen, approaching negligently, carried away two half-grown kittens which had also been reposing in the depths of the armchair. This incident disturbed Mr. Morton so much that he did not know what to do or say next, and he sat down again in silence. He felt that he was not fulfilling the duties of his calling, and apparently the same idea occurred to Tibbie, for she murmured, "Mr. Henderson, he was a fine man—eh ! what a gude man that was ! mony's the prayer he's putten up—ay, he was grand o't."

"I am quite ready to engage in prayer," said Mr. Morton stiffly, "if you wish it." He had once put together a form of prayer suitable for sick persons, adapted from various liturgies, and this he now made use of, though he felt that it was quite thrown away upon his two auditors, who paid no more attention to him than did the cats or the hens. Then he moved forward, to take leave of the sick woman.

"Ye're for awn' ?" she said, as she gripped his hand again—"weel, I thank ye for your call, and your bit

prayer. It'll maybe be heard abune. The Lord, he hears a' thing, ye ken."

Mr. Morton took this for dismissal, and tried to draw his hand away, but the aged fingers did not relax their grasp, the piercing eyes still shone full into his.

"If a body had made a covenant," said Tibbie slowly and with an effort, "wi' ane ye ken o' — if he had gotten a power ower me like — couldna you now, that's a minister, maybe gar him let me gang free?"

"She must be mad," thought Mr. Morton in bewilderment. "I ought never to have been brought here," he said reproachfully to Helen, who seemed to be watching the scene attentively and without surprise, and who made no reply. "What does she mean?" he cried at length impatiently. "Whom is she speaking of? Can you not answer?"

"I daurna name him," said Helen doggedly, as she stooped to turn one of the bannocks on the chair. "He's aye willint to accept o' an invitation."

Tibbie sighed deeply. "It was nae sic awfu' thing I did," she said; "whiles I think that—but oh! it's been a sair, sair burden and bondage to me this mony a year."

"And what did you do?" said Mr. Morton.

"I milket a tether," said Tibbie solemnly.

"You — did *what*?"

The old woman sighed wearily.

"It was lang syne," she said, "when my gudeman wrocht at the farm o' Drumhead. It was near about the New Year time, and the kye were late o' calvin', an' the grievie's wife wouldna ge us wer pint o' milk, an' me wi' a sick bairn! an' I was mad at her. And I e'en gaed awa' to the byre an' I took doun the coo's bann, the hendmost ane, an' drewed it like as I was milkin', and I turned it east, an' north, an' west, an' south, and aye as I turned it I ca'ed upon the name o' —"

"Well?" said Mr. Morton.

"The de'il, ye ken," said Tibbie in a frightened whisper.

The minister shuddered. In spite of

his disbelief in a personal devil, he felt a creeping horror of this old hag who thus avowed her dealings with the powers of evil. The woman was mad, of course, — yet how, in the nineteenth century, were such ideas possible?

"And I would ken frae you," Tibbie continued, holding him fast as he made a feeble effort to escape, "does that gie *him* the power ower me forever?"

"No — no," stammered Mr. Morton; "compose yourself." He freed his hand from her grasp and turned indignantly to Helen. "Have you no control over her?" he demanded. "Is it possible that you, too, believe all this — this nonsense?" He would have used a stronger expression if he could have thought of one in his agitation.

"I dinna ken," said Helen, looking down. "She's terrible uneasy — naebody can get sleepit for her. Ye'll no can bide then?" as Mr. Morton made a frantic dive after his hat, which had rolled upon the floor amongst the poultry.

"My time is valuable," replied the minister, when he had secured it. "I have stayed too long already. Rest assured I will — No, I will *not* promise to come back," he said mentally. "I will pray for you," he concluded aloud, as he left the cottage.

Next time Mr. Morton met the village doctor he asked him whether he had seen Tibbie Law, and what he thought of her state. The doctor answered that the old woman was dying — not a doubt of it; that she had been dying for months, and showed wonderful strength to have kept alive so long in that unhealthy cottage and with insufficient nourishment. He did not consider her iusane — indeed he seemed surprised at the question; and as Tibbie had evidently not spoken to him of her supposed crimes, Mr. Morton did not feel justified in betraying her confidence. He could not put her out of his thoughts, do what he might; her weird old face haunted him, and he felt that to pacify his own conscience he must do something for her. He went home and desired his housekeeper, Bell Gillies, to go at once to

Tibbie Law's cottage with presents of food and money. Bell remonstrated in her usual emphatic manner.

"It's vera weel to veesit," she said, "an' it's vera weel to pray, an' nae wastry there; but ance fling awa' siller, an' ye'll rue it. There Thamas Callum lyin' wi' a hert trouble, an' there auld Marget Beatoun lyin' wi' the rheumatisms, an' there a heap o' bairns keepit frae the schule wi' the rush-fever, an' ye'll be for giein' them a' siller, nae doot—an' whaur'll ye land syne?"

The minister could not but admit to himself that there was force in Bell's argument, but dignity required that he should pay it no apparent attention. But he made it his business to find out Thamas Callum and Marget Beatoun, whose names he now heard for the first time; and in attending to those sufferers he soon found out others, for there was much sickness in the parish. Mr. Morton became rather popular with his poorer neighbors. "He's nae preacher, puir body—but oh! he's a kind heart," was the general verdict. Bell, however, became rather indignant on his account, and thought it her duty to prevent his being preyed upon on all sides.

"Here that lang useless Ellen Law back again!" she said, bursting into his room one day, "seekin' a drap broth to her gude-mither. I just telt her we've nae broth—does the wife think we're made o' meat?"

"No broth?" said Mr. Morton; "then send something else."

"We dinna hae onything else."

"Nothing else?" repeated Mr. Morton, sitting upright; "surely I have fowls?" He had just heard a cock crowing outside, which suggested this brilliant idea.

"Fowls!" said Bell. "Troth, she can just kill her ain fowls. She got a clockin' hen frae me this spring."

"Isabella," said Mr. Morton, "supply the woman with a fowl, and leave me. I am engaged."

"He's a thrawn deevil, that," muttered Bell between her teeth as she retreated. "'Supply the woman,' quo' he. I'll supply her wi' a steekit door,

or maybe a besom-handle, gin she come here again." She hastened to make this determination known to Helen Law, who replied in suitable terms. Mr. Morton heard the raised voices of the two women, and resolved to put a stop to their dispute. He threw the door open impetuously, and dashing out, desired the younger Mrs. Law to retire at once, if she had got what she wanted.

"I've gotten naething," returned Helen sulkily, "forbye unceevil language."

"It's hersel' that's unceevil, an' ye've nae ither thing to gie her," retorted Bell.

Mr. Morton looked at her majestically.

"Where is the game," said he, "which you told me had been sent me yesterday?"

Bell, with an upward glance and groan, as of one who appealed to Heaven for patience, dived into the scullery, and brought out a large hare, which Sir George Cunningham's keeper had left at the manse the day before. She flung it down on the table, and Mr. Morton signed to Helen to take it up and be gone. "And I will not have this repeated, remember," he added, as he shut the door after her, and applied himself, as best he might, to soothing the injured feelings of his housekeeper, who was eloquent in her reproaches, and pathetic over the hare-soup that might have been.

But Bell might have spared her lamentations, for late in the evening Helen Law returned bringing back the hare. She burst into the kitchen without knocking, and threw down the hare as she went, brushing unceremoniously past Bell in her haste to reach the study. Here she paused for an instant to knock, and presented herself before the astonished eyes of Mr. Morton, who was reposing in his armchair with his feet upon the mantelpiece, and a copy of "Robert Elsmere" in his hand.

"I brought back thon cutty," said Helen, with breathless abruptness.

"My gude-mither's no' for it. She winna hear tell o' siccan a beast—it's no canny—she winna hae't in ower her door. An' she bade me say ye maun come yersel', or e'er the muckle de'il gets a grip o' her."

"But—but this is intolerable!" cried Mr. Morton, starting to his feet, and rubbing his hair in his nervous irritation until it bristled over his head in somewhat unclerical fashion. "I—I can't have these interruptions. Hang it, I—I don't allow females in my study—using that sort of language too!"

"I mean nae offence," returned Helen sullenly, hanging her head a little, but not retreating. "I speak the words my gude-mither has pitten i' my mouth. And, 'deed, I canna bide, or she'll be doin' hersel' or the bairns a mischief. Are ye no comin' then?"

"To-night? certainly not," said Mr. Morton, recovering some of his dignity as he saw a prospect of getting rid of his visitor. "If your relative is worse, I will come to-morrow—that is, if I can make it convenient."

Helen paused to find words with which to urge her request. She was habitually silent, more from indolence perhaps than modesty, but when her feelings were once stirred, she could speak strongly and to the point.

"The auld wife is deein'," she said. "She'll be awa', I doubt, gin the morn come, an' wha kens whaur she'll be syne? I hae little gude-will to her—mony's the ill word she's gien me an' gien the bairns, but I'm no sae keen as some folk to see her gang to the pit afore my very e'en. She cries out about the flames o' hell—I wish ye heard her!"

Mr. Morton again almost tore his hair with irritation. "Ignorant creatures!" cried he. "There is no such place as hell. How often must I tell you so? Can you not even remember my sermon of last Sunday—no, two Sundays back—in which I pointed out that Gehenna, or the pit of Tophet, rendered 'hell' in our version, was nothing more nor less than a receptacle for——"

"I ken naething about your sermons," interrupted Helen, with much truth. "But it's time I was awa'. If ye maun hae plain words," she said, turning again on her way to the door, "my gude-mither has been a witch in her day, Gude forgie her! Ony way, that's what she says, puir body. An' the de'il is come for his ain, it's like. An' we thocht, if *you* was resistin' him, he would maybe flee frae you, but he winna flee frae hiz."

Helen had left the room, and was already walking with swift strides down the road before Mr. Morton had had time to recover his presence of mind. Ignorance like this at the present day, and in a Lowland parish—after all the enlightenment he had poured upon it too—was inconceivable. To exorcise the devil was clearly no part of his pastoral duty, "and what's more," thought Mr. Morton, "I am not going to do it." He said this aloud by way of reviving his courage, which, to say the truth, had failed him a little, as he looked out at the black autumn evening, and listened to the wailing wind. He did not believe in the devil, nor in witches—not he. Still, if Tibbie's daughter-in-law really wanted him so much to come, she ought to have waited his pleasure, and not gone off in that unmannerly way. He had a great mind not to go the next day either. It would show those people that they ought to conduct themselves, when on their death-beds, in a more becoming manner. Mr. Morton went to bed, where he tried in vain to get a moment's rest of mind or body. Again and again he told himself that his nervous restlessness was folly, that the old woman was evidently delirious and in no fit state to receive a clergyman's visit, and that he had done well to refuse to go. Yet he could not sleep, and striking a light, he went into the study, and took from the shelves an old book, a treatise on demonology and witchcraft, which he recollected to have seen there. With this volume as a companion he passed a troubled night. The stories fascinated him in spite of himself. Some were grotesquely hor-

rible, others ludicrous, but all were told with evident good faith. Mr. Morton could not but admit to himself that the Church of Scotland had a good share both of superstition and cruelty in the witch-burning days. However, he became interested in the situation, and wondered what further tale of horror Tibbie Law had to unfold. Nothing but absolute bodily fear prevented him from getting up and hastening to her cottage. But calmness and reason returned with the daylight, and he breakfasted at his usual hour, and with tolerable composure, before starting for the village.

Helen Law opened the door to him, looking haggard and untidy. She showed no emotion of any kind at seeing him.

"She's mair quieter-like," she said in answer to his question; "she's sleepin' e'enow. She has an awfu' strength; she'll maybe last twa-three days yet." And with a sigh which Helen did not attempt to disguise, she turned to her household duties.

Mr. Morton sat in the armchair and watched the sleeper, half relieved to find he was still in time, and half irritated; for, after all, no one seemed to want him. The clock on the wall, with its quaint china face and weights hanging from long chains, ticked on aggressively, and sometimes gave a loud click, as if vainly attempting to strike the hour. The hens scraped and made querulous clucking murmurs under his chair; the cats on the hearth-rug awoke one by one and stretched themselves, and still the minister sat on. The foul air of the cottage oppressed his senses unconsciously, and he felt no inclination to stir. At last Helen set down her broom, and having unpinned her gown and twisted up her hair, she bent over the bed and listened.

"Na, she'll no dee yet," she said shortly, in answer to Mr. Morton's look.

"Dee?" The old woman's shrill voice rang through the room, startling them both. "Hoo can I dee wi' siccan a wecht on my mind?" She sat up

and stretched out her hands as if to push something away from her. "Siccan a wecht!" she repeated.

The minister bent over her compassionately. "If you have a burden on your mind," he said, "better confess it; it would relieve you. Tell me what you have done," he said again, raising his voice a little; but Tibbie continued silent.

"Is she so weak?" he said to Helen. "Can you not rouse her?" Helen shook up the pillow and touched her on the shoulder. Tibbie moaned a little, and murmured something. They stooped to hear what it was.

"He's putten the fear o' deith on me," she said faintly, with trembling lips.

"Who?" But the old woman only gazed with terrified eyes into a dark corner of the room.

"She aye thinks she sees him," said Helen.

"You do not pretend to tell me," said Mr. Morton, "that Satan ever appeared to you in bodily form?" He made an effort to speak severely, for it was not fitting that he should have his nerves shaken by old women, and Tibbie seemed somewhat cowed by his indignant tone.

"Eh me, I dinna ken," she moaned, "but oh! I never hae an ache or an ail but I think I see the tail o' him—wae me that I gae him the power!"

"Did you give him a writing signed with your own blood?" inquired Mr. Morton suddenly, prompted by the recollection of the tales he had been reading the night before. He said it almost involuntarily; the words sounded so strange to himself that they made his heart beat. Tibbie raised herself on her elbow, and even the apathetic Helen looked at him in surprise.

"Na," said Tibbie, looking full at him at last. "What gars ye speir that at me?"

"If you did not," said Mr. Morton, "the devil has no power over you whatever." And flushing all over with excitement—for he felt that he risked everything by this desperate statement, made in a moment of temp-

tation — or was it inspiration? — he proceeded to relate the history of a young man who, in selling himself to the Evil One, had unfortunately bound himself by the condition above mentioned, and how, though he got free in the end, it cost a great deal of trouble, and the prayers of many pious ministers, to rescue the document, without which the devil was powerless to claim his victim. Tibbie listened with great attention and reviving hope.

"Is this the truth you're telling me?" she asked, after considering a little.

"It is all printed in a book, which I have at the manse," he answered readily, for he had expected the question.

"Aweel, gin that be sae," said Tibbie as if to herself, "I'll maybe win free yet. I'm sure enough he never socht nae writin'."

"I marvel at that," observed Helen.

"Ye're aye marvellin', ye gowk! He kent fine he wouldna hae gotten it. I'm no sae simple as yon lad. But he would hae gotten back the writin', an' a'," — and Tibbie's black eyes now dwelt upon Mr. Morton with an infinite confidence which touched him, while his conscience began to prick him for the deception he had put upon her. However, surely in this case, he thought, the end justified the means. He would now hear Tibbie's story, which he was curious to do, and in the course of it he would impart such religious instruction as could not fail to be profitable to his penitent.

"And now," said he, with an air of command which he had not ventured to assume before, "I think it would be only right for you to make a full confession to me of all that you have done."

"Ay, lad?" said Tibbie dryly. "An' what way would I do that?"

"Because it would do you good," replied Mr. Morton, with impatience. "It would relieve your mind, surely?"

"No' a grain," said Tibbie. "I've no' dune muckle ill, an' I'm sair wearied." She sighed, letting her head drop on the pillow. After a

while she laughed softly to herself. "I'm that prood to think he canna get a grip o' me," she murmured, but so low that they could hardly catch the words.

"She'll sleep easier now," said Helen; and they both sat silent, listening to the long-drawn breaths. They grew fainter, and Helen rose and bent over the sleeper. By and by she turned to the minister, an awe-struck look upon her face. "I doubt," she said, "that she's e'en slippet awa!"

"Gone?" cried Mr. Morton, pale and agitated. "It cannot be! She must not die yet! I — I have deceived her! I had much to instruct her in — to explain —"

But Helen held up her hand — something in her look made him stop short. "She'll ken it a' yonder," she said.

From *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

LUCRETIVUS AND HIS SCIENCE.

IN Lucretius we have the first great example of that apparent anomaly — a "scientific poet." A philosopher according to his lights, he was yet one of

those rare souls,
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of
the world.

In those passages where he has cast off the shackles of his science and given full rein to his matchless inspiration he has proved himself worthy to rank with the greatest masters of verse. The beauty and intense earnestness of thought which characterize these parts, and, above all, the sincere desire shown to make the lot of mankind happier by weaning them from those passions and reckless follies which turn "the life of a fool into a hell here on earth," invest his work with a human interest and a charm which belong to but few of the productions of his age.

His merits were early recognized by those competent to judge, and the powerful influence which his genius exercised over his successors is well shown in the frequent imitations of his phraseology and style to be met with in

the works of the greatest of the Augustan poets — Vergil — and also in those of Horace and Ovid. In more modern times the star of the old Roman Epicurean has been even more in the ascendant, numbering among his admirers such lights in criticism and poetry as Lambinus, Milton, Goethe, Voltaire, to mention no others. But, as the title of this paper signifies, we shall consider his work rather from a scientific than a poetic standpoint. In the six books of his "*De Rerum Natura*" he presents with striking force and originality, and with a wealth of illustration and analogy all his own, the Epicurean system of the universe. Thoroughly in sympathy with his subject, the weak points of Epicureanism, under his vigorous and loving touch, appear almost strong, while those which constitute its strength are made even more striking by the inexhaustible stores of argument and illustration he brings to bear upon them. But, notwithstanding his enthusiasm for the tenets of his master, he is never betrayed into dishonesty. Difficulties and anomalies may spring up, but with these he grapples earnestly and fairly, and often, judging from his own point of view, successfully. There is no shuffling, and his righteous scorn for those who cover the falseness of their doctrines by the complexity and obscurity of their language is seen in his wrathful denunciation of Heraclitus. "No writer," says Professor Sellar, in his most appreciative account of the life and work of Lucretius, "ever used words more clearly or sincerely." If ever the Epicurean philosophy could have been patched up into a semblance of reasonableness, our poet was the man to have done it.

Although the merits of Lucretius as a poet have always received generous recognition, yet there are speculations in his science¹ so far in advance of his times, that it is only in this century that the extraordinary nature of many of his anticipations of modern scientific

thought has been duly appreciated. The caustic and supercilious Creech speaking of his philosophy, says (alluding to his hypothesis of chance) that he could "be the strongest argument of his own opinions, for it seems impossible that some things which he delivers should proceed from Reason or Judgment, or any cause but Chance and unthinking Fortune." Even Lord Macaulay, while admiring his keen moral sense, and the picturesque nature of his descriptions, stigmatizes his philosophy as being for the most part "utterly worthless." With the growth, however, of our knowledge, and with a more appreciative study of the system of Epicurus, there are many who now no longer hold with the great essayist that the teachings of the Garden constitute "the silliest and meanest of all systems of natural and moral philosophy."²

One of the first impressions that must strike a reader of Lucretius is the conviction that he had that which the Scotch elder thought so eminently desirable — viz., "An unco' guid opinion of himself," as well as a very poor one of ordinary mortals. From the serene heights of his calm philosophy he looks down with a half-pitying, half-contemptuous condescension on the follies and mistakes of mankind. Unlike Newton, he seems to think that he has sounded the universe to its bottommost depths by the plummet of his fancy; and in one place he speaks of himself as gaining a wreath from the Muses the like of which had graced the brows of no mortal before.³ But even his very arrogance sits well upon him. For, after all, perhaps it is not so much an inordinate consciousness of his own powers which lifts him up, as the firm conviction that in the teachings of his master Epicurus, whom he lauds in those frequent bursts of harmonious verse which pleasantly relieve the stern

¹ Which was of course essentially that of Democritus, "*ejus fontibus Epicurus hortulos suos irrigavit.*" — Cicero.

² It is pleasant, however, to find that this "vulgar error" was avoided by that large-minded and liberal knight Sir Thomas Browne, who both in his "*Religio Medici*" and "*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*" speaks most favorably and charitably of Epicurus and his philosophy.

³ IV. 2-5.

tenor of his poem, he has found a lever which will enable him to elevate mankind by liberating them from debasing superstition and needless fear, and so make life at least worth the living. This system of philosophy he is persuaded is the only true one. Hence his contempt of all others, and his lofty satisfaction that while men are groping about in darkness, he at least basks in the sunshine of truth.

Concerning the details of the life of Lucretius, there is much conjecture and but little certainty. Born probably of an illustrious patrician family (Munro), he was brought "up to the realms of light" somewhere about 99 B.C.; and there is a legend to the effect that, maddened by a love philtre administered him by his mistress, he died by his own hand in the forty-fourth year of his age, the day of his death being that on which one of his greatest admirers — Vergil — received the *toga virilis*.¹ But although so little information of a biographical nature concerning him has reached us, yet in one respect he has been unusually fortunate. For his likeness, cut out on a black agate, has survived to our own time, so that we are enabled to gaze on the very features of the poet. His claim to the remembrance of posterity rests upon a single work of seventy-four hundred hexameters, the extraordinary nature of which, and the marvellous manner in which he has in some of his speculations anticipated modern scientific thought, entitle him to the peculiar consideration of those interested in ancient science. Indeed, the first two books of the "*De Rerum Natura*" especially, read almost like a modern treatise on the atomic and kinetic theories of matter!

The three foundations — the tripod — on which the whole science of the "*De Rerum Natura*" rests, are the three grand and philosophic conceptions of the indestructibility of matter; the

essential unity of all its seeming varieties; and the reign of law in the universe.² There is a wonderful passage in the first book in which the poet states the first of these truths in a manner which shows that he fully and intelligently perceived its importance. In it he declares that nothing arises except at the expense of something else, a statement which modern chemistry has done so much to illustrate. In these remarkable lines it is clearly taught that, although Nature may resolve a body into its constituent elements, yet she does not annihilate, but re-forms these first principles into fresh compounds. The death of the one combination is the birth of a new order of things, the case being one, not of annihilation, but of transformation.³

The conviction, again, that there is but one form of primordial matter running through all its apparently endless varieties, seems to have taken deep root in the mind of Lucretius. Nor is this conception present to him simply in a crude and rough form, but in one singularly beautiful and profound. For he will not admit a supposition such as that of Heraclitus, which teaches that fire is the first matter; nor is he better pleased with the doctrine of Anaximenes or Thales, which assigns the origin of all to air or water respectively. He goes deeper than this. "Is it not better," he asks, "that you should settle that there are certain bodies endowed with such a nature, that if, say, they have formed fire, yet the same atoms, a few having been taken away, and a few allotted, and their arrangement and motions having been changed, can make the gentle breaths of air, and so in like manner all other things are mutually interchangeable?"⁴ And again: "Truly, as I think, matters stand thus: there are certain bodies which by their connections, motions, arrangement, position, and conformations make up fire, but these having changed their order, change the char-

¹ Professor Sellar, after a most judicial balancing of the pros and cons of the matter, neither wholly accepts nor wholly rejects the tradition. He is inclined "rather to treat the story as a meagre and distorted record of tragical events in the poet's life than as a literary myth."

² This last-mentioned limb of the tripod is not, however, so firm as one could wish. More will be said regarding this later.

³ I. 15-264.

⁴ I. 798, etc.

acter of the substance, and are, in themselves, neither like fire, nor aught else which moves the sense."¹ "To such a degree," he adds a few verses later on, "is it in the power of those bodies which are the foundations of things to accomplish, simply by a change in their arrangement."² The atoms of Lucretius thus differed from one another not in the nature of their first matter, but in their shapes, sizes, weights, and their capabilities of position and arrangement. With these, then, does he undertake to build up the universe. It is impossible not to admire the grandeur and boldness of such a conception as this.

In more modern times, though we are fain to term certain bodies "elements" on account of our experimental inability to reduce them to any simpler forms of matter, yet none the less are we persuaded that the apparently various forms of matter differ not essentially, but only in intimate structure. It was suggested by Prout, in 1816, that hydrogen was the primordial matter, which by successive condensations formed the other elements—a hypothesis analogous to that of Heraclitus, hydrogen being substituted for fire. Being founded, however, on an untenable assumption, it had regretfully to be laid aside. In late years, however, Sir W. Thomson's (Lord Kelvin) vortex ring theory of the atoms has enabled the hypothesis to be revived in (as Wurtz remarks) a less objectionable form, and one, moreover, bearing a strong likeness to the Democritan and Lucretian conception. At any rate, the student of organic chemistry especially feels the force of Lucretius's remark that the atoms can accomplish a vast deal by a mere change of arrangement; seeing as he does how two bodies composed of exactly the same elements, and having, too, precisely the same number of atoms of each in the molecule, yet by a difference in the structure of these molecules can differ considerably in their properties. (Isomerism.) And now let us consider the

remaining foundation of our poet's philosophy.

One of the most transcendent merits of the philosophy of the "*De Rerum Natura*" is, as has been pointed out by Professor Sellar, its assertion of the reign of law in the operations of nature. One of the chief grounds on which its veneration for Epicurus is based is that he unfolded the majesty of law; he showed what could and what could not happen; how to the powers of everything is set a fixed limit, to go beyond or transgress which is not within the power of things to accomplish. From this principle is shown the baselessness of certain fears which had troubled and disturbed mankind, and the impossibility of certain combinations, for it is said "*Scilicet id certa fieri ratione necessust.*"³

But at first sight it seems an unwarrantable stretch of indulgence to give a philosophy which maintained the hypothesis of chance and the "fortuitous concurrence" of atoms the glory of having asserted the government by law. It may fairly be asked, "How could it be possible to dogmatically assert 'what could and what could not arise' if all be the result of a fortuitous concurrence?" It will be interesting, therefore, to inquire how far we may give Lucretius the credit of having been an expounder of the grand doctrine of law in the natural world. And in the first place, we may remark that the theory of the "fortuitous concurrence," as set forth by our poet, is not so repugnant to (indeed, is quite consistent with) the conception of law, as the meaning of the phrase would seem to convey. For the teaching of Lucretius on this point is as follows. From the very first the atoms had, as part of their peculiar nature, certain inherent properties, capabilities, and affinities.⁴ Now, the first prime cause in the construction of the universe was their property of motion. The atoms by this motion of theirs traversed the infinite void, and, meeting with other

¹ II. 710. Also V. 55-58 and V. 924.

² The "*Vis atomorum*" of the Epicurean disputant in the "*De Natura Deorum.*"

³ I. 684, etc.

⁴ I. 827.

atoms clashed with them, and by these impacts fresh motions were engendered. If two atoms on collision were unsuited the one to the other—that is, if their affinities, etc., were not satisfied those of the one by the other—no combination could result. By degrees, however, after infinite experiments, in which all other possible combinations had been tried without result, all those atoms which were able mutually to satisfy each other's capabilities and affinities came together and formed a permanent combination. Thus all those "first principles" which were mutually fitted to join each other and form "earth" were united into a close congeries, while those atoms which entangled in these were yet unsuited to form part of this union were expelled by the blows and collisions of the several "seeds" composing earth, and, like meeting with like, formed other bodies, such as air, ether, etc.¹ Clearly, the idea of a fixed law runs through all this account. These combinations of atoms are bound by certain conditions which cannot be transgressed. This infinite experiment theory of Lucretius, false or true, is not indeed unlike that of some modern scientists which we have heard expressed in almost similar language. That Lucretius held the doctrine of the "fortuitous concourse" cannot, therefore, be urged as a valid objection to his claim. But we must confess with regret that he just comes short of asserting the universality of law. There are times when he falters and wavers in his allegiance to this grand truth; when there is in his philosophy a struggle between law and something else—call it what you will, but which is not law. This is sufficiently shown in the doctrine of the "clinamen" or "*declinatio atomorum*," which Lucretius, as a good Epicurean, of course taught. According to this notion, the atoms turn aside from their straight course a little at some point in their journey down the void, though neither is there any fixed time at which they

do this, nor any particular spot where it must take place. This deflection is, however, so slight that it can only just be called a deflection, lest it should be said that bodies fall obliquely, which sense (which is an infallible judge) would refute.² It is difficult to conceive anything more contradictory to the conception of an orderly government of the universe by law than this. The "necessity" of Democritus was truly preferable to this "*regnum et licentia atomorum*" of Epicurus and Lucretius. There are also other and minor instances in which we may see this hesitation between law and caprice, as, for instance, in the conflict of the words "*ratio . . . casu . . . forte*,"³ when he essays to explain the cause of disease. We cannot, therefore, unreservedly and freely award to the philosophy of Lucretius the praise which a full acknowledgment of this principle would deserve.

Having now considered the broad principles, let us then descend and glance at some of the more particular tenets characteristic of the science of Lucretius, beginning with the atomic theory.

Two things only are to our poet *sui generis*—Matter and the Vacuum. All others are mere accidents and incidents of these. With regard to the first mentioned, having proved that it cannot be destroyed, he next essays to demonstrate that neither can it be infinitely divided, but that there remain certain particles so small that the sense is not cognizant of them, which cannot by any means be broken up. These atoms, according to him, are not all of one shape or size. Some are smooth and round; these compose substances which give pleasure to the senses. Some are hooked and jagged; these pain the senses. Others, moreover, are slightly angular; they enter into the composition of bodies which neither give absolute pain nor pleasure, but rather tickle the organs of perception. For example: those atoms which, impinging on the nostrils, pro-

¹ See V. 416-508.

² II. 216-224 and II. 243.

³ VI. 1090, etc.

duce the sensation of a pleasant smell, are smoother and freer from asperities than those which give rise to the opposite effect; and so on. Again, the atoms of iron or stone are larger than those of heat or fire, which latter are, however, larger than those which compose the lightning.¹

The material theory of smell here set forth is in part still retained, though of course we do not go the length of asserting that unpleasant smells are caused by sharp lacerating particles, nor that the opposite sensation has its origin in those which are nicely rounded off! It is, perhaps, in these shallow attempts to explain sensation, that one realizes most vividly to what a degree the old philosophers underrated the difficulty of the problems which they had set themselves to solve.

Although men of science would be loth to accept an atomic theory deduced from such speculative reasonings as those of Lucretius, yet that matter is made up of *leasts* is a conclusion from which, when the phenomena of physics and chemistry are attentively considered, there appears to be no possibility of escape. Matter then, not being infinitely divisible, the next and most natural question is, "What is the nature of these atoms?" To this question there have been many answers, but none of them quite satisfactory. Lucretius conceived them to be absolutely solid, hard bodies containing no vacuity, and hence indivisible, eternal, and free from all manner of change.² The view that the atoms were hard solids was also favored by Newton; but it fails to explain their perfect elasticity, and it is also (as Wurtz remarks) hard to conceive that indivisible solids should be of different sizes. The most ingenious as well as the most startling view comes from Sir W. Thomson (now Lord Kelvin), which we have already referred to.³ Paradoxical as it seems, we might almost designate his hypothesis as an immaterial theory of matter.

¹ II. 381-430.

² I. 609-614.

³ Strange as it may seem, this explanation was in a great measure anticipated by Descartes.

For, according to him, each atom of matter is a vortex ring in that all-pervading medium the ether, thus, as has been pointed out, putting the perception of matter on precisely the same footing as our perception of light or radiant heat—viz., as "a mode of motion of the ether." But to return to Lucretius and his philosophy.

No nice distinctions troubling his mind, he secures motion for his atoms as a property⁴ by virtue of their weight. This motion of theirs carries them perpendicularly downwards through space. Having now shown that all things result by the conglomeration of primordial bodies, eternal, free from change, and endowed with motion, his next care is to find a reason which will explain the meeting of atoms with atoms to form compounds. And here, following Epicurus, a pitfall is sagaciously avoided, into which he might very well have been betrayed. It was open to him to assert that atoms meet with atoms owing to their different weights, whereby a swifter motion was given to the heavier than to the lighter body. But recognizing the not too evident fact that all bodies, whether light or heavy, fall in *vacuo* with exactly the same velocities,⁵ the apparent difference in swiftness when falling in the air being due to effects produced by that medium,⁶ he has to seek elsewhere for an explanation.

In order, therefore, to account for these combinations of atoms our philosopher assumes that they do not always move in exact straight lines, i.e., their directions of motion are not always and everywhere quite parallel, silencing any objections to this view by pointing out the impossibility of proving the opposite.⁷ This is not the only place where Lucretius would have us accept as true a theory the only merit

⁴ "Prima moventur enim per se primordia rerum." (II. 133.)

⁵ This was one of the points in which Epicurus corrected the physics of Democritus, this latter asserting that heavy bodies did fall faster than light ones.

⁶ The experimental proof of this principle was furnished by Galileo.

⁷ II. 243-250.

of which is that it cannot be proved false. But in this he is only following out faithfully that dogma of Epicurus, which Munro thus clearly expresses: "Whatever could be brought to the test of sense and was confirmed by it was true; all opinions, again, which could not be brought to such a test, and at the same time were not contradicted by it, were to be held to be equally true."¹ So great is his antagonism to the religion of his countrymen that he is satisfied, when he is unable to do more, if he can but point out some natural process which may possibly have produced such and such a result, provided that he demonstrate that it can arise without the necessity for supposing supernatural intervention. This postulate of the "*clinamen*" is also used by the Epicureans to explain the existence of free-will, this, according to them, having its birth from the tendency of the atoms to decline a little from the straight course. Naturally enough this assumption was soundly ridiculed by the opponents of Epicurus, and, along with the doctrine of the *quasi corpus, quasi sanguis*, furnished a butt for the amusement of self-satisfied critics of the type of the Academic Cotta in the "*De Natura Deorum*." Cicero elsewhere scornfully asks whether the atoms cast lots which shall decline and which shall not.² But, having postulated this dogma, of necessity atoms must clash with atoms, and so by their meeting cause the formation of things.

And now we come to the next division of Lucretius's theory of atoms, *i.e.*, his kinetic theory of matter, which bears a strange likeness to the modern doctrine, and in which he perhaps approaches most nearly the speculations of modern science. Indeed, with the interpolation of a little scientific jargon about the "mean free path," "average diameter of the molecules," etc., his description might almost pass for a text-book of the kinetic theory of matter of our own day!

The motion which the atoms had originally, he declares, is not lost when they unite to form complex bodies; for the particles composing a body are never still, but know no rest, flying hither and thither, coming into collision with each other, then rebounding only to strike again, and so on to eternity —

for it seemed

A void was made in Nature; all her bonds
Crack'd; and I saw the flaring atom-
streams

And torrents of her myriad universe,
Ruining along the illimitable inane,
Fly on to clash together again, and make
Another and another frame of things
Forever.

(Tennyson's "Lucretius.")

Those atoms which on striking each other rebound only to a short distance, owing to the multitude of collisions, and whose motions are thus confined to a small space, being "stopt by their mutual twinings," compose hard and dense substances such as iron and the rock. In those cases where they have more freedom of path and when struck are able to rebound farther, and where consequently the number of impacts is less — of them are formed the less dense bodies such as the air. In other cases, again, the primary atoms of things wander through the great inane and do not form combinations with each other — solitary wanderers they through the void profound.³

The atoms have always been in "perpetual motion" from the first, and will ever remain so; ⁴ and it is this inherent motion which is the cause of the formation of new combinations and the breaking up of the old. Moreover, although the number of impacts among the molecules is so many, yet it is not sufficient now and then to prevent the release of particles, which are thus liberated from their bonds.⁵ Such, then, is a brief summary of the kinetic theory of Lucretius, which is, as far as it goes, unexceptionable.⁶ Two things, then, according to him, are indestruc-

² See II. 62-111.

⁴ II. 287-299.

¹ See the epistle of Epicurus to Herodotus in the tenth book of *Diog. Laërtius*.

⁵ I. 1024-1048.

² *De Fato* xx.

⁶ The atoms "collide, they recoil, they oscillate." — Tyndall.

tible — matter and motion. Take these two ideas together and we have a crude expression of the great experimental truth of the "conservation of energy." As an illustration of his assertion that occasionally solitary atoms break loose from their unions, we may take the case of our atmosphere. We know that in passing through space we are losing particles of our aerial envelope by reason of this very motion of the molecules. But this loss is made up to us by the accession of fresh particles of matter from those regions of space we are travelling through. These latter will therefore correspond to the free and uncombined "seeds" which Lucretius conceives to peregrinate the universe.

Now, as this paper does not profess to be an exhaustive analysis of the philosophy contained in the "*De Rerum Natura*" (which would indeed be impossible within such limits), mention must be omitted of many things upon which I should have been discoursing —

ni iam sub fine laborum

Vela traham et terris festinem advertere proram.

We will, therefore, conclude with a brief notice of the Lucretian astronomy, which, if it does not display any marked degree of sagacity, is at least curious and amusing. It is indeed both curious and absurd, and it is in this department, perhaps, that he comes nearest deserving Creech's stricture. When we state that, according to him, the sun, moon, and stars are about the size they seem to us, possibly a little larger or a trifle less;¹ that the sequence of night and day may be explained on the supposition that the sun is annihilated daily, and is every morning re-created by the streaming together of fiery atoms;² that the cause of the sun's yearly journeyings may probably be the existence of two currents of air going in contrary directions, each coming into operation at an

appointed time, the one driving the sun from the summer sigus to the regions of frost, while the action of the other is to propel it back from these dismal parts and to restore it again to the grateful realms of heat³ — it will be seen how far divorced his notions are from anything like our own. But even here, amid much chaff, we may now and again come upon the grain of truth, and, wherever our poet does hit upon a correct theory, he is usually abreast of even our nineteenth-century science. As an example may be taken a passage in the fifth book, to which Tyndall deservedly applies the term "remarkable." This is occasioned by the necessity for some explanation of the fact that although the sun is only as big as it appears to be, yet it can pour forth such an abundance of genial and life-giving light and heat. Lucretius recognizes this objection to his statement, and he endeavors to remove it by the analogy of a small spring of water fertilizing large districts of land. But this does not quite satisfy his acute perceptions, and he gives as an additional reason the hypothesis contained in the following lines: "Perchance also the sun, beaming on high with his rosy torch, may possess about him much fire with dark heat which is manifested by no brilliance, so that being heat-bearing it may greatly increase the potency of his rays."⁴ The best comment on the foregoing passage will be found in these words of Tyndall's: "Besides its luminous rays, the sun pours forth a multitude of other rays more powerfully calorific than the luminous ones, but entirely unsuited to the purposes of vision." This passage, containing as it does the utterance of modern science, reads almost like a paraphrase of the verses of the old Roman philosopher. The expression, too, "*cæcis fervoribus*," reminds us forcibly of the "dark" or "invisible" heat rays we talk so much about now.

The theory of Lucretius that there are currents of air which carry the

¹ V. 664-691.

² V. 638-665. The notions that the sun was kindled afresh daily, and that it was no bigger than it seems, originated from Heraclitus.

³ V. 637-642.

⁴ V. 610-614.

planets along in their courses is a curious one, but it is not without a more modern counterpart; and we can well imagine that it would be the most obvious explanation that would offer itself to a system-monger eagerly searching after a plausible reason for the phenomena in question. We find, moreover, that that somewhat erratic genius, Kepler, invented the theory of a vortex of an immaterial fluid which, perpetually circling round the sun, carried in its train the planets, just as a stream would a boat on its surface. No great stretch of imagination is needed to detect the similarity between this conception and that of our poet.

The whole of the Lucretian astronomy is a faithful reflex of both the doctrine and spirit of that of Epicurus as set forth in his letter to Pythocles in the tenth book of *Laërtius*. In both we find the same careless disregard of the principles on which true science is based; the same listlessness (if we may term it so) and utter want of interest in the subject under discussion; the same curious delight in tacitly admitting at almost every other line that their so-called explanations are mere guess-work, covering a profound ignorance of the true theory; and, lastly, the same discouragement of any attempt to find out the truth by original research. These traits are well shown where he deals with the rival theories concerning the cause of the phases of the moon: the phenomenon, he says, may be explained by supposing the moon to be luminous in one half only, and to possess a rotary motion, "As the Babylonian doctrine of the Chaldees refuting the theory of the astrologers strives to prove contrary to it, just as if that could not be quite as possible which each of them contends for, or that there were any considerations why you should adopt this explanation less than that."¹ Truly a very easy-going sort of science! Perhaps, however, on a closer comparison, one may allow that Lucretius in some of these matters has shown himself a little less of an in-

tebrate than his master, though there is but little to choose between them in this branch of natural philosophy.

Et iam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla.

E. W. ADAMS.

From Longman's Magazine.

A PHYSICIAN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

FROM THE VERNEY MANUSCRIPTS.

BY LADY VERNEY.

THE correspondence of Dr. William Denton with his nephew and lifelong friend Sir Ralph Verney, preserved at Claydon, gives us a vivid picture of the life of a busy physician in the time of the Stuarts.

William Denton was born in 1605; his father, Sir Thomas Denton of Hillesden, was a wealthy landowner and a member of Parliament; his mother, Dame Susan, a woman of vigorous character and intellect, was one of the Temples of Stowe, and there was scarcely a county family in Buckinghamshire with which he was not connected by ties of blood or of marriage.

The fine church of Hillesden, standing in solitary beauty amidst elm-trees and hayfields, is filled with memorials of the doctor's family. The recumbent figures of Sir Thomas and Lady Denton, of Elizabeth's reign, on the great altar tomb, are still serene and dignified, though bereft of feet and noses by Cromwell's troopers. The chancel is paved with the gravestones of less notable Dentons; the great square pew yet remains as it was in the doctor's childhood; with the sculptured choir of angels overhead, and their quaint musical instruments, to which the child's eyes must have turned for comfort during the lengthy sermons of the seventeenth century.

The doctor was bred up both a Royalist and a strong Protestant; indeed, Dame Susan Denton, in holy horror at the secret marriage of her daughter to a Papist, passionately resolved that the gown which she had ordered of festive

¹ V. 727-730.

"samite" should be changed for one of sackcloth lined with ashes. But though a follower of Archbishop Usher, and an opponent of Laud and Strafford, Dr. Denton was personally devoted to King Charles. Having been educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, he entered the medical profession in a transition period of supreme interest. Younger than William Harvey, and older than Sir Isaac Newton, he was a colleague of the former as court physician to Charles I., and lived to see the publication of both their great discoveries—the circulation of the blood and the laws of gravitation—as well as the foundation of the Royal Society. Sydenham, the father of modern medicine, was substituting for the theories and nostrums of the past the patient investigation of facts at the bedside of the sick; while Mayerne, with his practical knowledge of chemistry, was introducing new drugs, and Richard Wiseman, by anatomical studies and carefully kept records of his cases, was raising English surgery to a high scientific level.

We have references in Dr. Denton's letters to many of his distinguished colleagues. Old Sir Theodore Mayerne is as wise and affable as a court physician of such vast proportions and ample fortune should be; he positively beams with good-nature, and his daughter is one of the richest heiresses in town. It is a joke against Sir Ralph's charming cousin, Doll Leake, who complains of leanness: "I shall wish you may grow as fat as Mayerne, and continue as lazy as you are." He is besieged with patients. In 1647, Sir Edward and Lady Sydenham have come up to town to be with "Mrs. Murrey's daughter whoe is shortly to have the allmons of her eares"—what we should call her tonsils—"cutt quite out, which they say is a very dangerous busenes, hear is noebody durst undertake to doe itt butt Mayerne." Another time, in 1653, Mistress Francis Cary, attracted by the great man's fame, comes jolting up in her coach from Hampshire, "after a sickness of 2 months or longer," to consult "Mayerne & Col-

ladon," and sends word of her arrival to her friend Dr. Denton, who comes just in time to see her die.

Dr. George Bate, on the other hand, who like Mayerne amassed an ample fortune, never fattened upon it; so that "as lean as a death's head or Dr. Bate" was a saying among his friends. He had a great reputation in the neighborhood of Oxford, where he had practised before settling in London, and, lean as he might be, he was known (like doctors of the present day) to appreciate a good dinner. Edmund Denton, the doctor's nephew, who was trying to rebuild the old family mansion at Hillesden, burnt down during the Civil War, was most anxious to show all respect to the great man; and sent over post haste to Claydon for Sir Ralph's help in giving him due entertainment.

"Sir," he wrote at nine o'clock at night, "Dr. Bates sent me word that hee will dine with mee tomorrow, I must therefore entreat the favour of you to lend mee your Cooke, and if you have any pigeons in your dove house, to send mee halph a dozen, and some white flower if you have any, to make halph a dozen tartes, and this bearer may bring it, and the pigcons let your cooke bring too morrow with him alive, . . . I pray send Andrew with them, and I will pay him for his journey and you for your commodities, when I have nothing else to doe with my money for I am

"Your humble servant

"EDM. DENTON."

Dr. Bate had a large practice "among precise and puritanical people, he being then taken to be one of their number;" he became chief physician to Oliver Cromwell; but when "precise people" went out of fashion he made himself agreeable to Charles II., and gave anatomy lectures in London after the Restoration, as a fashionable court doctor and a F.R.S.

Another eminent man who was a friend of the Dentons and Verneys was Dr. John Craige, one of a family of physicians, who had come with James I. from Scotland. In January, 1655,

Dr. Denton visited him on his death-bed, and wrote of him: "Dr Craige lies in expectation of a good houre. I doe thinke he cannot live untill Sunday. God fitt him & us for it."

Dr. Ent (afterwards Sir George) frequently met Drs. Denton and Bate in consultation. He showed his friendship to Dr. Denton, according to the fashion of the times, by offering to introduce his great-nephew, Edmund Verney, to a widow of good fortune, who was considered a most desirable match; this benevolent project, however, led to no results, though Sir Ralph acknowledged that no man was better able to give his son a good introduction than Dr. Ent, being "both an honest man, and much a gentleman."

The great surgeon Wiseman was on friendly professional terms with Dr. Denton, whom he consulted when he wanted a medical opinion in a case under his care; and in Wiseman's "Chirurgical Treatises" we have a glimpse of Dr. Denton at the bedside of a poor scrofulous patient, whom he visited out of charity, in consultation with one of the leading surgeons of the day.

Wiseman writes: "I continued the method of Dressing and after I had disposed the rest of the Ulcer to a healing condition, I consulted Dr. Denton, who had a kindness for the patient. He met me at the poor man's Lodging, and saw the Ulcer dressed . . . we applied an actual Caутery to it . . . the Physician prescribing Internals and taking care of his health."

Perhaps none of Dr. Denton's contemporaries resembled him so much in character and taste as the famous Norwich physician, Sir Thomas Browne, born in the same year, 1605. Both made medicine the serious business and theology the recreation of their lives: Both were men of exemplary life and simple piety, anxious to disprove the saying current in their day: "of three Physicians two Atheists." "I cannot go to cure the Body of my Patient," wrote Sir Thomas Browne, "but I forgot my profession and call unto God for his soul;" and Dr. Denton certainly did the same.

His keen sense of humor was as striking as his piety. He constantly sent Sir Ralph graphic little sketches of his patients and their families. [March 25, '58] "Ben plaies pranks," he writes of the son of a rich man, whose death-bed he had just left; "broke open the closett doores & tooke money & jewells & refuses to tell what, & yett the corps goes but this day to be buried. O Brave Blade, the Estate was well gott for such a one." [Feb. 25, '57] "Cozen Farmer was much surprised in his death," he writes another time; "past all hope before suspected to be in danger. Standers by said the Dr had the Honour to kill him; his sickness kept very private from all his relations, not any one being with him. I never heard of it till about 9 a'clock att night before he died. Certainly much wrought upon in his weaknes as to his will. He had a while before given instructions to Farewel a lawyer to draw his will, which though knowne, yet was induced to make another, without giving him any notice of it. His land at Cookham to his nephew Turberville; that at Marlow to be sold to pay legacies. £1,000 to one, & £1,000 to another, to give as he should appoint, & some 3 or £400 besides, but not 1d to any of his kindred that I know of, not a word of Sir Richard Temple, nor of J. Temple."

The apothecaries occupied a lower position than the physicians and surgeons, and if the satires of the time are to be trusted, they were generally bad friends with them. Dr. William Denton and the apothecary William Gape, however, lived on terms of great intimacy and friendship, and of social, if not of professional, equality. Gape had three young Welshmen as apprentices, who seem to have been gentlemen by birth. An entry in the journal of Thomas, son of Sir Justinian Isham, shows us the terms on which they would be taken. "14th March, 1672. Daniel Baxter [son of the rector of Lamport] went to London to be apprenticed to an apothecary, by name Joseph Edward, a citizen known for his prudence and probity . . . Mr.

Baxter agreed for £40 & to find him in three suits of clothes."

Mr. Gape and his men must have been sufficiently busy, for the medicines of the day were very bulky, with an incredible number of ingredients, and were taken in very large doses. When the Lord Keeper North left London, during his last illness, his brother writes: "The family physician went with us, and he had his chests of medicines as if we were going a voyage to the Indies." Patients liked to swallow an appreciable quantity; in one of the Verney letters, a lady describes her husband as taking more than twenty pills, and feeling great relief after the sixteenth!

A patient of Dr. Denton's has to take eight pills and four draughts in the twenty-four hours, besides a syrupe, and some Epsom waters. Here are the physician's orders [Oct. '56]: "I leave pills and a syrupe, the pills are to be taken as I have left directions, which are 4 at night, and 4 in the mornings without intermitting any of his draughts; the syrupe not to be used till further order, only if it will mend the last of his draughts, he may take a spoonefull in his first and last draughts. If his throat should be soare, then let him intermitt the liquor which he mingles and drinks by spoonefulls in his 2 middle draughts and only take them first and last." The patient not responding to the treatment, the doctor writes again a fortnight later: "As for Mr. Brewer his not mendinge putts me out of all patience, that he should be the first that ever I was foyled with, or indeed could withstand me 20 daies." He is to try Epsom waters on the spot, or in a lodging near the doctor's, who will superintend the treatment; he must continue "the pills and the physicke marked Liquor A and Liquor B."

In 1647 we hear of the publication of "a most desperate booke written against taking of phissick," but it is promptly "ordered to be burnt."

Sir Ralph's advice to his friends is constantly to take more and more medicine; he writes to his brother, Colonel

Henry Verney, in this strain, when the latter had been ill with a bad throat:—

"Feb. 23, '54. I am very glad to heare of your recovery, and wish you heere [in town] with all my heart, that if you should need more Phisick you might take it in time for feare of a relapps. My Aunt Dr will fit you with Liqueur of Life doe not doubt it, and I will now send to brew some napping Ale at Claydon, but none but Sound people must tast it, therefore I doubt very little will fall to your share. I am to take Phisicks tomorrow [Sir Ralph sedulously practised what he preached] therefore I must conclude this letter." "I know your love to Phisick," wrote Dr. Denton to Sir Ralph, "but your discretion must over-rule your palate."

William Fall, one of the physician's patients at Claydon, writes [17 Sept. '63]: "I have according to Dr. Denton's directions taken a purging potion . . . he prescribed it me for 4 dayes together, but I tooke it but twice. I endeavoured to take it the third time but could not. The tast of it was soe loathsome unto me that I was forst to cast it out againe." His sister, Mrs. Isham, complains bitterly that "he rit me worde to take a stinking Balsome as would chocke a Doge to take it." "I cannot possibly gett downe what you sent yesterday," writes his nephew, Tom Verney, who was ill with fever, "notwithstanding I made severall tryealls about it."

All his remedies were not, however, so distasteful; he uses "sirupe of roses" to qualify his infusions of "rubarbe," and there is a sweet sounding "sirupe of pomegranites" to be taken in pure spring-water.

Some drugs are very hard to obtain, Dr. Denton writes. [Nov. 4, '58]: "I cannot tell which way to get the Jesuit's powder, soe that I am putt to play all my tricks which doe serve my turne in many that have stronge bodies but I am foret to be very curst which I doe not love. If I had that powder I could metamorphise it soe as to doe my business & it should never be discovered." "The way of selling Cushe-

neale is to weigh silver against it, & the weight of one for the other. This Quantity sent cost 4s. 6d. & I am told it is good."

Dr. Denton records the periodical visits he pays to persons of quality in the country, when "my Lord and my Lady" are put "in Physicke" for a week, as one might subject a house to a spring cleaning. The doctor cannot leave his patients during this severe discipline, lest they should fall to pieces altogether.

Eruptions on the skin, and malignant humors, are very common. "If ever I have bin a chargabel wif, it hath bin in fisick & of dockters," writes Lady Hobart, "and all did not do me no good. I had a yumer in my head & ears, that has cost my hus at least £200. At last a woman did cuer me for thurty shillings, with an oymntment in a week." Her husband, Sir Nathaniel, adds: "How unsuccessful Phisitians are in cures of that nature, is not to bee set downe in a postscript, nor a letter, scarcely in a booke" (the happy medium of a magazine article was not yet).

These were great days of medicine in Italy, and while Sir Ralph Verney was in exile for refusing to sign the Covenant, Dr. Denton saw his opportunity of getting certain Italian and Spanish medical works, that were not to be bought at home. Sir Ralph inquired diligently for them at Milan, Bologna, and Florence, but without success. He makes a note in his calendar at Naples, January, 1652, that he has written to inform the doctor: "That I stayed but few dayes, and those Holy Dayes at Rome, soe I could not enquire there for his Books, but hunting after them heere I mett with a Doctor that now contests with Castellus about Phisicall points; and hee assures me Castellus now dwells at Messina, Sicily. Theree are severall works of Castellus, but not that which Dr. desires, if I cannot finde them in Rome I will send to Messina to get them. The Bookes printed in Spaine I have noe hopes to finde, for they were long since out of print." He writes again: "Periera

beeing old, and printed in Spaine, is hard to bee got, but Castellus being printed at Rome, may easily bee found there, hee hath 20 other Workes, but those are the Bookes Dr. most desires of his. Dr. would have one or two bookes of Secrets, hee hath Alexis, and Phioravante already." He sends him "Falopia's and Cortese's Secrets, the latest and best esteemed." "You must be sure to learne Italian soe well as to teach me to understand the Italian ones," writes the doctor, "for though the titles come within my speare yett I am sure the bookes will be beyond it." He also hunted for "Doctor's Physicke bookes," at Frankfort, and Cologne, and in the Low Countries.

Dr. Denton is not above a desire to know of quack recipes, provided his patients do not try them. He was very indignant with one who "made use of severall little Charletainies, some French, some English, to keepe me in ignorance of the disease." Sir Ralph is to "make inquiry amonge the Foreign Montinbanks of a remedy to cure a rich face, a red pimpled face;" another time he is to "Enquire out any medicine that will as certainly make one sweate (without making sick for soe a Vomit will make sweate) as a Purge will Purge, or a Vomit will vomit;" and he is specially anxious to get "a bitt of Redd Cloath (commonly used for Issues)," such as the doctor once had from Rome, but which he thinks is made at Orvieto.

Sir Ralph collects recipes for him abroad, and sends him cosmetics for the complexion of his fine-lady patients: "Two little glasses of Essence of Cinnomon, Cloves, and other spices, which (if you add but sugar to your Wine) will make Eccellent Hyppocras in a quarter of an hower. There is a gally pott of Pomatum which is good and harmlesse painting, when it comes, power out the Plantan Water and fill it with Fresh. There is also White Powder, which is Eccellent painting if it keepe, which may bee also mingled with the Pomatum and then tis most excellent."

Sir Ralph sends the doctor from Italy

"3 Turkish Razors, these are true Turkish, bought of slaves, my seal is on them; 1 Box of Turkish powder that is to fetch off Haire: 3 Lancetts to lett blood, all marked with the Halfe Moone, & the handles are of Boofel- lowes Horne, black; these are Italian ware & sent for, farre & neare; 1 Red & gold Box with 6 Bolonia Balls in it of the best sort, Musk; 2 doz. Bollonia Balls without Muske, for your Worships chopps, those without Muske are as good but not so sweet: 1 bottle of Oli o de Cedro, and a rare sweet powder for the teeth, I could not get the receipt of it."

Surgical instruments were very good at Paris, and Dr. Denton desires to know "how the French polish instruments." William Gape asks Sir Ralph to buy him scissors at Brussels with short, strong blades; the shapes of the scissors cut out in paper still remain fastened to the apothecary's letter. "This is the paterne of the cizars I desire," he writes in September, 1652, "to which 2 paires if you please to buy a third paire for my wife, which shee desires may bee almost as big as mine, they are to cutt holland cloth and other women's worke, you will oblige us both. Bruxelles is the famous place for such implements." The best lancets came from Florence.

While his letters show that he took a keen interest in all the political changes the country was passing through, Dr. Denton, during the troubled years that followed King Charles's death, worked on steadily at his profession, and did not appear publicly until he was threatened with decimation after the Royalist plots in 1655.

He then drew up a petition to Cromwell, which he forwarded to Sir Ralph to make therein "such alterations & additions" as he thought fit, for "I thinke to try my fortune with this."

"Copy of Dr's Petition.

"To his Highnesse Oliver L^d protector of Eng: Scot: Ireland and the Dominions thereunto belonging.

"The humble petition of W^m Den-

ton of Paul's Covent Garden, Dr in Physick,

"Showeth, that your petr^y was never in armes, but only attended on the late King as his mænnial serv^t in the quality of his sworne physitian.

"That though he was a compounder yet is comprised within the articles of Oxon. & upon perfecting his composition had a discharge from all former delinquencies.

"That ever since the conditions of Oxon he hath lived peaceably in his calling in Westminster & Covent Garden, submitting to all acts & ordinances of the present power.

"That he never was in, or knew of any plot, nor ever any suspiation upon him.

"That he hath noe principles of rebelling against the present power.

"That he hath not kept his conversation from the well-affected of [Sir Ralph suggests 'to'] the present power, but in testimony of the contrary he hath constantly frequented the congregations both at Whitehall and the Abby for about these 8 yeares.

"That amongst others he is summoned by the Lieutenant of the Tower to be proceeded against according to your highnesse orders."

Sir Ralph advises that instead of pleading that he has worshipped "at Whitehall & at the Abby" he should insert "elsewhere," "for you have haunted 20 other God forgive you." As Presbyterian and Independent sermons in the Abbey sometimes took above two hours in the delivery, it is not surprising that the busy physician, who had little leisure, and a great love for the old Church service, went "elsewhere."

Dr. Denton had difficulty in getting his petition presented. [Nov. 1, '55] "Lord Mulgrave denied me in the plaine feild . . . his pretence was because he had beene sequestered, but I ghesse his reason was that either he had denied the like, or was engaged to doe the like for a friende of his owne, & would be glad to have the Ice broken for him."

[Dec. 13, '55] "Mr. Eure & wife & I gave my Lady Strickland a visitt yesterday but my L^d was soe taken upp at the debate about the Jewes that we saw him not. my L^d Eure & I had the other bout on Monday where he gott something of me that signifies nothing."

The doctor reports to Sir Ralph on December 20, "I am not yett sumoned but expect to speed noe bettar then my neighbours."

During Richard Cromwell's Protectorate and the confusion that followed it, Dr. Denton's letters to Sir Ralph are full and frequent. On December 16, 1659, he writes: "This is to let you know that this evening the Cavaliers were banished by proclamation to depart by 12 o'clock tomorrow morninge. How far I, or anybody else, is concerned I neither know nor can learne, for that it is not yet in print, soe we are at an houres warninge. You may easily ghesse at the condition we are all in, & at the affright poor Kate is in, who was most wonderfully afraid before; & durst not stay in the towne, and would have beene gone if she could have gott me out. By all the Intelligences I can learne, there is noe body exempted, noe not householders, & if soe I resolve not to stay. [But for all this the doctor did not budge.] There is daily talke & expectacon of a risinge every night in the City," he continues, "but for my part I beleeve it not. . . . I pray God sitt us for all changes & chances of this mortall life." His wife Kate, and the apothecary's wife, Moll Gape, go to "Lord Whitlock" to undertake for their security; and for their husbands to be permitted to remain in their homes. "The way that is usually taken is to go to Lord Fleetwood," but Lord Whitlock thinks this unnecessary. The doctor writes to Sir Ralph again a few days later [Dec. 22, '59]:—

"All Tuesday till late at night the Councill of officers had in debate whether the parlt. as called by the King's writt [in 1640, which would have included Sir Ralph] or the same as it stood in 1648 before it was damn'd

to Hell, or after it was garbled, or Dick's parlt. should sitt; & at last they beinge ready to vote & as it was thought for Rumpe, Fleetwood & Ludlow moved to consult their pillowes first, for that by the next morninge they should offer some new thinge to them. But what the result of yesterdaies work was Ignoramus — we are soe quiet here that we cannot sleepe for snortinge."

"I hope you will read Monk's letter to Parlt. & the answer to it," he writes [Feb. 2, '60], "the best plann'd thinge I have seene many a day. Noe man yet knows what to make of Monke, but most thinke for Rumpe & yett not to goe alonge with them."

"A Mirum at least if not Miraculum," writes the doctor on the 15th, "that the whole city & the suburbs should be in a flame & yet noe hurt. I could tell you many fine stories pro & con, but beinge noe truth to be relied on I'll tell you none. The whole businesse stands at a Bay, & we can reasonably expect noe considerable alteration till friday be past. Monke goes on his slow but hitherto his sure pace, he is not to be driven out of his Roade, which is to do nothinge irregularly that he can doe regularly. All parties court him & he is still reserved, & in the Interim every party hopes well of him. It is thought he will goe such a moderatinge way as will not answere expectations, till friday be past noe positive declaringe of himselfe, & then he will or will not comply. They were both on their qualificacons yesterday, & carried an engagement plum for a comonwealth. . . . I heare St Johns, Sr A. Cooper, & others antagonists of the Ingagement, & some secluded members have beene with Monke, what it will produce nemo scit. . . . I heare Monks Lady & my Prince had a round bout, & fowle words passed on both sides. . . . The newes this morninge is that Monke last night disarmed the sectaries, some confidently beleve that the secluded members will sitt on Saturday others not. If anythinge extraordinary Intervens away it marches per coach againe. Lambert exposes

all manner of things for sale at Wimbleton."

Dr. Denton watched without much sympathy the last expiring throes of the Long Parliament.

"That long-looked-for dissolution of the Parliament is come at last," he writes on March 16, "even this friday night about 8 of the clock. About noone there were many greate feares that all would have beene spoiled, occasioned by a letter from Monke to make stop of the Militia. . . . Sir Ed: Parthwick upon readinge of Monke's letter spoke high that if the Kinge had sent such a letter it would have beene deemed such a high breach of privilege, etc., & much more to that purpose. Monke is made Generall of the City Militia, the Parliament gave him today £20,000, & made him Counstable or keeper of Hampton Court. They gave Sir W^m Waller £16,000. Major Generall Browne £10,000. The same Sir Edward told them that he doubted they were dyinge, because they made such hast to make theire wills, & gave away soe much. I doubt the Qualifications will reach both you & me, you as a son & me as abetting & assisting. . . . I should be very glad to find any evasion to put your nose out of joynt."

In the general excitement of the election of 1660 Dr. Denton was tempted to stand in the Eure interest at Malton, but the rush of candidates was so great that neither he nor Sir Ralph succeeded in finding a seat. The doctor heartily rejoiced in the Restoration. "A feather in my cap," he wrote, "a warrant to be sworn in ordinary," when Charles II. gave him his old office of court physician; and later his good friend William Gape became apothecary to the Duke of York. Dr. Denton continued his beneficent career as a physician, and as a friend and peace-maker among the large circle of his relations. A loyal Churchman under Presbyterian rule, the Popish influences of the Court drove him back upon his early Protestantism; and Dame Susan herself could not have written with more vigor than he did, when he undertook to show in the last

years of Charles II.'s reign "the original grounds, reasons and provocation necessitating our sanguinary Laws against Papists made in the Days of Queen Elizabeth." This heavy folio "*Horæ Subsecivæ*" and his other theological writings are wholly without the raciness and individuality of his letters. He rejoiced in the accession of William III., and dedicated to him a treatise justifying the taking up arms against the late government.

"At length," says Wood, "Dr. Denton dying full of years, in Covent Garden within the liberty of Westminster, about the 9th day of May in 1691, his body was conveyed to Hillesden in Buckinghamshire . . . and was buried in the Church there, among the graves of his name and relations." An epitaph, which for once did not lie, describes him at the ripe old age of eighty-six as "blessed with that happy composition of Body & Mind, that preserved him chearfull, easy and agreeable to the last, and endeared him to all that knew him."

From The Nineteenth Century.

A PART OF A GHOST:

A MYSTERY.

Now I do not believe in "ghosts" — i.e., generally — I do not credit all the stories I have read or heard concerning the appearances visible, if not tangible, of the departed, nor, indeed, the great majority of those tales I have listened to in times gone by; but I do not feel called upon to affirm that all such exhibitions of *revenants* are impossible, nor do I take it upon myself to declare that I have no faith in "fairies," and to deny that they can be and have been seen on occasion in suitable places. The accounts in works of high authority of the doings of warlocks and witches are received by me with a respect the nature and depth of which I do not care to analyze. The web of that stuff of "which dreams are made" furnishes abundant material for the poet, the dramatist, and the novelist to this day. In the literature

of every people there is evidence of the belief, universal in the early ages of the world, in the existence of spirits, good and bad, in supernatural visitations and influences, and in the agencies of elves, goblins, djins, afreets, and the like on the every day—and night—affairs of men's lives and fortunes. These agents cannot be called "beings;" if they be "creatures," it would be difficult to determine how or why they were created. Some of them were powers of the air, of the water—Ariels or Undines, who could use physical force to effect their ends when they pleased. Who can draw the frontier lines of the kingdom of the lemures—the inhabitants of the land of nightmares—or determine the borders of the shadowy realms whence came the ghosts who "squeaked and gibbered in the Roman streets" ere Cæsar fell, the visions which spoke most audibly as they passed in dreadful procession before the agonized Richard in his tent on Bosworth field? At all events I shall not attempt to do so; I only mention some of them to point out that when they did appear it was in their *entirety*. They did not throw off fragments! or dislocate their limbs—like the skeletons in the *danse Macabre* at Maske-lyne and Cook's.

Now my story relates to a part of a spirit or of a ghost, if there be a difference between the two, and I shall at once proceed to tell it, and to leave it to you, my readers, to form your own opinion concerning the mystery. Some thirty years ago a friend of mine, still alive and pretty hale and hearty, was paying a round of visits on the east coast far north in the Highlands. It so happened that he was detained on his way to the house of one of his friends by an accident to his carriage, which compelled him to leave his servant and luggage behind him, and to continue his journey in the "machine" of the country inn over a very bad road, so that he arrived at his destination late at night, to the discomfiture of his host, who, not expecting him when dinner time had passed, had invited a neighboring squire to occupy the room

that had been reserved for the visitor, "and he turned in before you arrived to-night, so I must ask you, my dear fellow, to put up with a makeshift in a spare room, which we are making as comfortable as we can. It is a little high up, though for a man who has been up Mont Blanc that does not matter, I hope, eh? But there are some other little drawbacks. The clock in the turret above makes a confounded clicking! There is no bell in the room; but if your man does not turn up I will send my valet to you early, and we will rig you up for the deer drive all right in the morning."

After supper, and a short adjournment to the billiard room for a pipe, my friend gladly accepted the proposal of his host to show him his room. It was, indeed, very high up—for the castle was one of the old keep-like buildings, dating from the fifteenth century, which are not uncommon in the Highlands and on the Borders. The laird led the way. Corridor and staircase were traversed and mounted till a corkscrew flight led to a narrow landing, which was lighted up by the blazing fire in the bedroom, of which the door stood open to give a warm welcome to the stranger.

"Here we are! You will find everything ready for you—papers and letters that arrived by last post this evening. Pleasant dreams and good-night!" And now I will let my friend tell what happened.

When my host left me, he said, I had a look all round. "Decidedly better than camping out in any tent I know of." It was a square, low room, tapestried all round. One side was occupied by a grand old four-poster with heavy curtains; a large chest of drawers and dressing-table were opposite; two old-fashioned armchairs, and the letters and papers of which the laird spoke were spread out on the table; night-dress and slippers before the fire—all very snug and bright. The tapestry on the walls was faded and stained, but it was entire, and it had evidently been transferred from some other room to cover the nakedness of the stone walls,

which it had been cut to fit. I could make nothing of the subjects—naked mostly—Diana and Actæon, perhaps—or Bacchus and Ariadne—or it might be Adam and Eve. A horrible croaking and grating noise up the chimney was, it seemed, the preliminary of the beat of the clock, which in a querulous, wheezy fashion struck twelve o'clock. I looked over my letters—nothing important—undressed, and tumbled into bed. It was delightfully soft, and the sheets were cool and sweet. I was tired and I was soon asleep—at least I think I was—when I felt something touch me. The impression was distinctly like a small hand, very cold, drawn slowly across my face. It awoke me, if I was asleep, instantly. I sat up in bed and called out, "Hallo! who is there?" No answer. The room was lighted up clearly by the fire. I could see nothing. What could it have been? The silk tassel of a bell-pull pendent from the top of the four-poster caught my eye. Perhaps it was that! I lay down and flopped about on my pillow, and the bell-rope swayed and the tassel bobbed and swung to and fro, but it was far above my face. Besides it was not cold. "Could it have been a rat walking across my face? Ugh! But, no! the thing was cold and damp."

Then it occurred to me that there were some very frolicsome young gentlemen among the smart people staying in the castle—I had left three or four in the billiard room—and it was just possible that they might end off their evening by playing a practical joke on the late arrival, a species of amusement then very much in vogue, in common with "sells" and other atrocities. The thought made me furious. I got up, lighted a candle, looked under the bed first, and proceeded to make an examination of everything in the room. The tapestry was continuous, as I have said, round the room; but it was detached at one place, and raising it up there, I perceived a door in the wall opposite that which led to my room from the landing at the top of the staircase. I tried to open the door, but it

was locked from the outside. I thought I heard whispers and something like a laugh, which confirmed my notion, and I addressed the imaginary culprits in very strong language: "If you don't let me go to sleep, I swear I will keep you there for the night, whoever you are! Do you hear?" No answer. I pulled over the table and placed it against the door; to it I added the armchairs, the dressing-table, wash-hand stand, etc., and then, having barred the exit to my satisfaction, I returned to bed and awaited events. I listened intently. Half an hour passed, not a whisper. Not a sound save the click-clack of the clock. It was half past one. Perhaps it was that tassel, after all? I *was* the tassel! I fancied it was cold. And so cogitating I passed at last into dreamland, where I abode for a brief moment. In my old campaigning days I was roused by the slightest touch. No noise would awake me save "réveille," "boot and saddle," or the like. But, indeed, no human hand, death cold as it was, could have been more definite than that which I felt now—four fingers and thumb passed lightly across my face from right to left. The fire still burned brightly. "This is disgraceful! You are paltry cads to play these tricks; but, by Heavens, you shall account to me for it all, be sure."

I jumped out of bed in a towering rage. I was not in the least terrified, but I was very angry, for I still believed I was being subjected to a stupid practical joke. It was past three o'clock, and it seemed inconceivable that people, young or old, would be wasting the hours so foolishly. But they must be somewhere about. I listened once more outside the barricaded door; then I bethought me that there might be some communication from the balcony. Raising the window I looked out, and perceived that the door I had been closing up so carefully opened out on a flight of stone steps which terminated in the courtyard. Equipping myself in dressing-gown and slippers, I opened my bedroom

door, and descended the corkscrew staircase to the first corridor—it was the bachelor quarter. A long vista of boots and shoes outside the bedroom doors suggested that their owners were in bed; the *spiritus asper* from inside indicated that they were asleep. There was no other sound. I retraced my steps to my room and securely locked my door. I examined my face in the glass well. Savage and serious, that was all. Excited certainly, but no fever, no wildness in the eye. I replaced the table before the fire, on which I piled fresh peat and wood, drew one of the armchairs alongside it, and *pour me distraire*—for I really was what Americans call “a little wild”—I opened my letters, tried to read, made memoranda, and listened to the iron tongue of the clock—Sam Ward’s “deadly auctioneer,” who “counts the moments one by one!”—till, at what time I know not, being in a heavy slumber, I knew the hand had been across my face! No room for doubt! The touch lingered there! “*Something*,” whatever it was, had resolved I should not sleep—or sleeping, that I should soon be awakened—in that room. I would abandon the field! It is cowardly to fly if there is an enemy to encounter, but here I had no chance. Pulling on shoes, stockings, and nether garments, I wrapped myself in the dressing-gown, unlocked my door, gave a look around, and with a pious wish for the welfare of my persecutors I stole forth, candle in hand, descended the staircase flight after flight till I reached the billiard room. The white cover on the table would be an excellent quilt. I took it off, and with the cushions made myself a comfortable couch on one of the sofas. Worn out by a long journey and by these constant alarms, I ceased to trouble myself with angry speculations and sank at last into a profound sleep. It was a short one! I was awakened this time by a piercing scream. As I started up in mortal horror I saw a figure in white vanishing from the room! It was broad daylight! The sun was streaming brightly in on my couch through

the window. The early housemaid had come in to open the shutters, perceived a prostrate form in shroud-like white on the sofa, screamed, and vanished!

It was seven o’clock; I walked to the open window and looked out. There was a strip of garden a few feet below, through which a path led down to the river, which I saw sparkling in the sunshine; the air was fresh and the morning fair, and so I stepped out on the lawn, and taking the path which led temptingly through the garden I came to a boat-house on the bank. Inside were stored punts, canoes, cobs, and a roomy launch, which I proceeded to make my headquarters, piling up the cushions in the lockers so as to form a luxurious couch, on which I lay awake pondering on the situation. “Here at all events I shall escape the persecution, whatever it was.” And what could it be but a shameful device of some malignant night-walker? I reasoned out the whole question with myself till nature asserted herself despite my awful warnings, and once more my heavy eyelids closed in slumber.

I was awakened by and by, but it was not by a cold hand. The laird was shaking me by the shoulder with all his vigorous might: “You have given us all such a fright! What has happened? My servant found your room in the greatest disorder when he went up to you this morning. However, I thought you might have gone out for an early stroll, though you were badly provided for it. Your servant arrived at eight o’clock, and I sent one of the men with him to look for you. At breakfast time my daughter told the housekeeper one of the maids had been frightened out of her wits by a white figure in the billiard room this morning; presently comes in a report that one of the gardener’s boys had seen a wild-looking man in a strange dress making for the river as he was going to his work. So we all turned out to look for you. What the deuce does it all mean? It is near ten o’clock—just time to get back, dress,

breakfast, and start for our shoot. We drive the woods at eleven o'clock."

Clothed, if not altogether in my right mind, I went to the breakfast room, where the daughter of the house was waiting for me alone at the tea table.

"A thousand pardons for keeping you! I really am ashamed of all the trouble I have given you."

"It is we who should be ashamed of putting you into that wretched room where you could not sleep. Was it the clock kept you awake?"

"Well, no! I don't think it was the clock."

"What, then, do you think it was—the strange bed?"

"It is hard to say—a stupid joke that must have kept some one busy all night."

"A joke? I don't understand you."

"Some one thought it good fun and worth his while to draw something like a glove stuffed with ice across my face whenever I went to sleep, and——"

She dropped the cup and sat staring at me with a strange expression. "Like a hand? How dreadful! Pray have you told my father about it? I am so sorry for it." She paused and looked at me earnestly.

"No, not yet! I am more grieved than I can say to be the cause of all this trouble, but I shall find out all about it by and by."

"Have you ever heard any story about this place before you came here? Perhaps——" she stopped, and then with great earnestness exclaimed, "I am sure it was not done to annoy you! not done by any one in the castle! Long ago there were odd noises heard there, it is said; but the steward before the present one lived in the room, and indeed it was often used for a visitor when the house was full for the night. Oh! I am very sorry you had to sleep—try to sleep there, I mean—last night."

Her agitation was extreme. I was glad when I was told the guns were ready. But it set me thinking. It was very curious. Why was she so sure that none of the guests had plagued

me—that it was not a joke? Why was her father embarrassed, and indeed displeased, when I told him as we were returning from the day's shooting that I intended to find out if any of the party in the castle were engaged in the joke?

"No! I must beg of you as a great favor not to speak to any of them, or to allude to the matter at present. They are my guests, and I am responsible for them. I can assure you not one of them had anything whatever to say to the 'joke,' as you call it. You will have no further visitations, I promise you, and I hope you will make up, by a good night's rest in another room, for the owls or bats that molested you in the turret." That icy hand! Owls or bats!

When I was dressing for dinner that night my old soldier servant, who was as arrant coward in the case of ghostly enemies as he was gallant in the field, observed, "It's well, sir, they've changed the room on you! I would have been afeared to have took up your hot water in the dark! I heard all about it from the butler in saycret, but it's as much as their places is worth to say a word in the servants' hall."

"Of what, Pat?"

"Oh, then, and it's your honor knows! I'd rather not spake till we're out of the castle."

I felt bound by the wishes of my host and his fair daughter not to allude to the subject whilst I was an inmate of the castle then, and when years afterwards I was told the story connected with the place I listened to it under a promise that I would refrain from giving any account of my experiences in the turret till a period of time, which has now elapsed, should have passed over my head.

Some three hundred years ago there was enacted in that turret room a cruel deed. The Earl of Strathfillan, who had just come of age, had been summoned home from Sweden by his mother, who had arranged a marriage for him with an heiress, who would bring to the decaying house much-needed wealth. He had been sent by

her two years before to her brother, who held a high position in the court of Gustavus, from the evil influences which convulsed Scotland and filled the land with violence and bloodshed during the reign of unfortunate Mary; and it was with infinite impatience she awaited his arrival to present him to the bride who was to restore the fortunes of Strathfillan; delighted too at the impatience her son manifested, in the letter which announced his departure, to see her dear face and the old place again. But in those days posts and packets were slow, or at all events uncertain. There were long delays, and the countess presently began to notice that Helen Stewart, the lovely and penniless girl whom she had sheltered under her roof when her father, Lord Auchintyre, fell at the battle of Pinkie, seemed to know a great deal, in some mysterious way, about the movements of Lord Strathfillan, her cousin. Helen Stewart knew when the young lord had seen King Eric, when he was to meet his uncle, and how he was to journey from the camp to the court at Helsingfors, while she, his loving, anxious mother, had most meagre tidings. So the countess watched, and one fine day, when a carrier from Inverness brought a mail to the castle, she had the packets and letters brought to her room, and came upon most tender, loving epistles addressed to "My only sweetheart and dearest love, Helen," signed "Your ever-loving Angus." She rushed to the girl's room, the tapestried turret, blind with rage. "You false, scheming hussy! Beggar that you are! how dare you? You to be the wife of Strathfillan! But I will spoil your game. Off you go this instant to your aunt's charge at Montpelier. In an hour, do you hear?"

Helen Stewart — pale, proud, and defiant — stood with folded arms.

"Never!" she exclaimed. "I swore to Angus that I would never leave this castle of his till he returned to make me its mistress. In the eye of Heaven we are man and wife!"

The old woman's fury knew no bounds.

"You shall go this instant, hussy! See if you do not!"

At her summons half a score of gillies entered the room.

"Take Mistress Helen Stewart down to the court, and let her be brought at once, when her pack is ready, to the convent at Beaulieu. You had better, Helen, obey at once."

"No, aunt, I'll keep my vow!"

The gillies advanced to seize her. Helen rushed to the door which opened on the steps to the court, seized the bolt, and sought to force it back. The savage old *châtelaine*, drawing a poniard from her belt, chopped at the wrist of the girl as she grasped the handle of the door with such force that the keen blade nearly severed the wrist. The servants bore the poor victim, bleeding to death, to the court; in moving her the hand dropped on the floor! Helen Stewart never left the castle alive. Then came remorse — too late. Angus of Strathfillan was lost at sea in the great storm in which so many vessels were wrecked on the coast of Caithness in the same year.

The Countess of Strathfillan was tried and found guilty of wounding "to the effusion of blood," but a great lady had little to fear from the sentence of a court of law at a time when Scotland was convulsed with the bloody feuds between the partisans of Mary and her ferocious nobles, and justice was not done.

She was allowed to escape to France, and was finally pardoned by the Regent Murray. But the story of the death of her niece was handed down, and the castle was regarded with superstitious fear among the people, who believed the falling fortunes of the house were associated with Helen Stewart's fate. The castle was deserted for several generations by the family, but on the suppression of the rising of 1745 the representative of the line made it his residence. The room in the tower was occupied occasionally; now and then it was said that those who were quartered there were subjected to unpleasant visitations, but these were by no means invariable. I

cannot solve the mystery of my own experience. I received afterwards, from each of the gentlemen at the castle, his assurance, on his word of honor, that he had not left his room on the night when I was subjected to the ordeal. I shall certainly never forget "the Dead Hand."

W. H. RUSSELL.

From The National Review.
THE OUTSKIRTS OF EUROPE.

AN article must begin somewhere, and in describing a journey along the outskirts of Europe across the Aral Mountains into Siberia why not begin at the hot, uninteresting, and seldom visited town of Taganrog on the Sea of Azof, where Alexander I. suddenly died when on a tour through the southern provinces of his empire, far away from the gloomy palace on the Neva from which he was wont to look across the river to the church whose vault would one day claim him dead. It may safely be stated that whoever visits Taganrog in May will be chiefly interested in leaving its stifling streets, its noise, cobble-stones, and its blinding white buildings as soon as possible. Nevertheless, proximity to Europe, a mixed population, or the spirit of the departed Greeks, gives to this and to all the ports in the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azof, a European air which is conspicuously absent in Russian towns, always excepting the German city of St. Petersburg and the merely political Russian towns on either shore of the Gulf of Finland.

From Taganrog to Rostof the train runs along the level steppe, and little is to be seen from the line but the Sea of Azof and the town of that name at the estuary of the Don. Villages of little wooden houses are passed from time to time till Rostof appears, a fine town, on a gentle eminence above the river, with long and wide straight streets planted with trees, good shops, and eighty thousand busy inhabitants. It is a larger and handsomer town than Taganrog, though the latter is better

known, and was founded in 1761 as a fort by means of which the Don Cossacks could be kept in order. It is a busy, bustling place, with a large export trade and a great horse and cattle fair. The completion of the railway from the Caucasus to Novocherkask on the Black Sea has, however, lessened the trade of Rostof and Taganrog, which will still further decline. Hence a line of river steamers runs to Kalatch through the muddy waters of the Don. The traveller soon passes Nakhichevan and Aksai—largish towns—the former a haunt of Armenians, and the latter a Cossack settlement whence hundreds of tons of caviare are yearly exported.

In three hours Novocherkask, the capital of the country of the Don Cossacks, is seen far away on the right bank. The troubled territory of which it is now the chief town has owned the dominion of Sythians, Huns, and Tartars in turn, and was reduced by Peter the Great, whose cipher figures on the arms of the imperial province. The heir apparent to the Russian throne is now always appointed ataman of the Cossacks, whose picturesque dress he often wears. Beyond Aksai are seen villages of houses built on piles, which rise right out of the water, tall campaniles, green domes, red roofs, and sparkling golden balls in picturesque confusion. Flocks of geese graze on grass the tops of the stalks of which alone are visible above the water.

Towards luncheon time, after a start at daybreak, the hills on the right bank have disappeared, and several halts are made alongside raft stations in the stream.

In the afternoon at Melichovskaya the folks were *en fête*, as it was Trinity Sunday. A boat, full of laughing girls in the beautiful costume of Little Russia, put off from the shore. The maiden in the bows was dressed to all appearance in striped Persian saddlebags, of a finer material, however, which hung gracefully on her shapely limbs. All wore white silk or Orenburg shawls over their heads; some carried bunches of purple iris, others

of lilac; the hair in every case was plaited and tied with a knot of colored ribbon. Their fresh complexions and pretty faces would have illuminated the gloom of Petersburg for a week. The whistle of the steamer produced among them a real or simulated terror, and they splashed back to the bank, landing, regardless of legs and drapery, in the orchard.

Hence to Shutor long, low hills mark the right, and thickets of willows, apparently growing out of the water, the left bank of the river. Below the hills are continuous vineyards, and upon them frequent windmills, and so, by an object lesson, the traveller learns what are the chief industries of the country. The inundations on the left bank continue, and far away the smoke of a steamer and its black funnel seem to rise out of the fields and woods. At Razdorskaya the deep and silent stream is here and there broken by boats of Calmuck and Cossack fishermen, whose tiny Kibitka tents dot the green turf, where now and again a dry spot offers on which their canvas may alight. At Lenikarkorskaya a large white church seems to rise out of the waters, and the sun, which gilds the halo of the sacred eikon in the cabin, sparkles on the domes of the otherwise sombre village. The fishermen wear red shirts, and give a much needed touch of color to the picture. Huge timber rafts float past us, and others are at anchor. The caretaker smokes his pipe after his cabbage-soup, and surveys the silent scene from his little log-house on the top of the raft. Cattle graze along the banks; wild duck are busily fishing in the stream.

At night we halt for three or four dark hours, and next morning (28th May) the steamer puts in at a station consisting apparently of a church and an orchard. A plank from the deck reached the dry ground; the branches of fruit trees overhung the upper deck so that we could and did pick the white blossoms.

An noon we reach Romanofski, so called in honor of the imperial family, a village where sieves and agricultural

implements are made. Here I saw a table daintily laid with *hors d'œuvres*, smoked salmon, radishes, and caviare; but I think the broom with which I saw a servant brushing the cloth belonged more rightly to the floor. A man was telling amber beads, and I asked him if he prayed. "No, indeed," said he, "but since I gave up smoking I lack occupation and have taken to this."

In the afternoon of the second day from Rostof we reach Tsymlianskaya, famous for its vineyards, which run down to the water-edge. The champagne of the Don, by no means a bad wine, can be bought here for a rouble (2s. 1d.) a bottle. Far away to the eastward stretch the level steppes, almost uninhabited, to Astrachan and the dreary coasts of the Caspian. The low hills on the right side are just here broken, and frequent villas rise with red, green, and yellow roofs, and over the inundated fields on the left side boats are moving in all directions. In the cabarets the Russians are drinking to excess, as they do all over Russia. The June sun is intensely hot, and beats pitilessly, through coat and hat, on spine and head. Towards Kyrmyarskaya the banks of the Don become barren and sandy, and hills for the first time are seen on the left side. The river here is contained within its bed and not spilt on one side all over the country. At nightfall the priest and the local official come in to drink brandy with one of the officers, and then we move on under a glorious full moon through the night to Potemkin-skaya, so called after the Prince Potemkin, the lover of the Empress Catherine and the viceroy of her Tauric Chersonese, the ancient history of which storied land can now be best studied in the Hermitage of St. Petersburg. Even at Kerch, erewhile capital of the kingdom of the Bosphorus, only one royal tomb retains any relics of departed majesty.

To tell the truth, the river is ugly enough up here, and its low, sandy banks suggest the unpopulated wastes behind them. Add a few palm-trees, and parts of it might almost pass for

the Nile in the midday sun. On the third day we reach Kalatch, whose wooden houses, barges, and stacks of timber are dancing in the haze of noontide. Kalatch is a dreary desert station, and thence to the Volga the railway runs along the level steppe in a straight line, the transit taking three hours. The thermometer registered 90° Fahrenheit; whirls of sand twisted and raced over the plains, and the inhabitants for the most part wore cloths over their mouths to protect their throats. I never saw a more forbidding country. Conscious, however, of its hideous monotony, the kindly inhabitants delight in color, and display a wealth of red and blue in their clothing. Timber and naphtha chiefly fill the wagons. Tsaritsyn, where the railway ends, was founded by the Russian government to enable it to suppress the pirates of the Volga. Near it is Nobel's town, where the petroleum from Baku is stored, and whence it is distributed over Russia in naphtha cars. On the Volga or on the Caspian the steamers are specially constructed so as to allow of the use of this oil for fuel.

Saratof, a town of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, and the seat of a government, occupies a commanding position on the right of the Volga. For long the prey of the Calmucks and Kirghez of the steppes, who sacked and robbed it at will, in 1714 it was taken by the rebel Pugachev. In subsequent years it was almost burnt to the ground, and in 1830 no less than ten thousand of its inhabitants were carried off in a single month. From its plague-stricken ashes, however, it arose to be one of the chief centres of the grain trade and of cattle breeding upon the Volga.

Samara, in the month of June at any rate, is a dusty, hot, and disagreeable town, and at all times it is the seat of a local government, a centre of the grain, tallow, and wood trades, and an important link of communication between Russia and central Asia. Its population which doubled in the decade preceding 1886 then amounted to up-

wards of ninety thousand souls. Near the town are vast deposits of asphalt. When the Orenburg line is connected with that leading from Perm to Tice-men, by the projected loop beyond the Aral Mountains, and even more, when the Great Siberian Railway to Vladivostok is completed, the trade of this town will increase. From Syzran to Samara the river-bed leads due east; thence it runs a little way north and then doubles back due west to Stavropol, whence again it resumes its general direction of due north. The beautiful peninsula enclosed within this bend of the Volga belongs to the Orloff family, the gift of the Empress Catherine to one of her many lovers, and the scenery here is the most beautiful upon the river. The right bank rises to a height of seven hundred feet and is densely wooded from the summit to the water's edge. The fragrant breath of the balsam poplar and the delicious scent of linden and lilac are wafted by the breeze across the river; at every bend of the stream a new panorama of wood and water meets the eye, soon to dissolve and disclose another no less beautiful beyond. Huge floating raft-castles from Siberia drop silently down stream. The beams are piled high as the upper deck of a Spanish galleon, deck-houses are perched above, tunnels run from port to starboard through the wooden mountain, and red-shirted mujicks smoke the pipe of peace and perform the simple functions of raft navigation.

Samara is famous for its koumiss, or mare's milk, establishments, and a Tartar family is kept at the Annaeva Villa for the manufacture, under medical supervision, of this health-giving, but unpalatable fluid. Hence to Simbirsk the steamer several times halts at grassy and well-wooded islands whence passengers are conveyed in boats to the low left bank. At one of these we lose a handsome and well-dressed Circassian, in black tunic and silver belt, who might have been a prince, but was really selling oranges.

On Sunday, 4th June, the steamship Tsaritsa reaches Bogorodskoe and

leaves us on a barge in the Volga to await the arrival of the steamer for Perm. Here we spend some hours among a horde of Tartars on their way to Siberia in search of work.

The Kama, though a great waterway of one thousand miles in length, draining a vast tract of country to the west of the Aral Mountains, is not a very attractive river. On board the steamer we have residents of Siberia dressed, as they say, *à la Parisienne*, one lady wearing a cockroach brooch in jet and diamonds, officials going to their stations, and Tartars from Kazan. The Tartar ladies are dressed in long, loose robes and smart jackets trimmed with silver lace and silver roubles. They wear top-boots and trousers beneath their gowns, and at sunset they and the men of their party spread their carpets on the deck, facing the east to pray.

At Chistofol, a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, we pass one of the floating prisons in which convicts are sent to Siberia. Here they make corn-brandy and trade in flour and grain. The landing-place was full of women in gala dress, carrying huge baskets of lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots to sell to passengers. The mujicks and their wives and daughters fortunately delight in color, and a crowd in consequence looks like a bed of tulips in a green field.

On the morning of the second day the river grew narrower; low hills covered with pines and fir-trees relieved the monotony of the scenery, and meadows full of buttercups bordered the stream. At Okhausk, the capital of a district with a population of two thousand souls, one company of infantry and two or three of the reserves were drawn up to be inspected by the general whom we carried with us. The time-expired soldiers, who can only be called out in event of war, came in their own working dress, but as nine mujicks out of ten wear a red shirt, which fortunately they do not tuck into their trousers, they presented a very uniform and fairly neat appearance.

Hence the scenery along the river improves, and at first sight Perm is quite an attractive town, perched upon the high left bank of the river. Nor does a closer view dispel the illusion. It possesses many sufficiently fine buildings and has grown in appearance and importance since many of the standard works on Siberia were written. We left it in a shower of rain which reduced the temperature from 89° to 65°, whence it declined to 58° when we reached the highest point of the Aral Mountains crossed by the railway, thirteen hundred feet; no great climb after crossing the Sylva and Chusovaya rivers.

About one hundred and sixty-five miles from Perm, in dense fir forest, the line reaches "Europe," and soon after passing a sign-post like a little Eiffel Tower with Europe inscribed on one side and Asia on the other, the train comes to "Asia." "Europe" and "Asia" are two smart little stations surrounded by firs and birches, but standing each in a little green field full of buttercups. The firs and pines grow chiefly in zones in the extensive forests through which the line passes, and here and there the dark masses are relieved by groups of light green birches.

Nijni Taghil is the centre of the mines of the Demidoff family and is famous for its magnetic iron-ore and for its malachite. Thence the line runs alongside a lake, till the campaniles and towers of Ekaterinburg appear to mark the site of the pleasant mining capital of a district famous not only for iron, copper, and gold, but for opals, beryls, jacinth, chrysolite, rhodonite, and many other precious substances, of which superb specimens can be seen in the Hermitage in St. Petersburg. Either from Ekaterinburg or from Kamyskhoff, ninety miles beyond it, a branch will be constructed to connect the Aral with the Great Siberian Railway at Cheliabinsk or at some point a little farther east. The latter line will run to Omsk on the Irtysh, on either side of which work is already in progress. At Tara, lower down that

river, a great saw-mill has been constructed in order that the vast forests between the Obi and the Irtysh may be utilized for sleepers, while at Koliban, on the former river, large numbers of workmen are already collected. Steamers have been purchased to bring rails down the Yenisee, past Krasnoyarsk, upon which river the line will run on to Irkutsh on Lake Baikal.

Thence it will keep to the north of the Amoor to Chabaropka, where the river has to be bridged, and, at no great distance beyond, it will at Grafskoi join the portion already completed between that place and Vladivostok. It is believed that, from the Irtysh to Irkutsh, the construction of the line will cost £15,000,000, and that the Russian government has arranged to have the money ready as required. The work is to be pushed on with such speed that its completion within five years is confidently predicted. Curiously enough, there is a rumor current in Siberia that the anxiety to finish the work so quickly is due to the contemplated construction by the Chinese government of a railway from Peking to the Celestial Provinces upon the Amoor. The construction of this great work should revolutionize Siberia, quicken its stagnant industries upon and alongside the Aral Mountains, and open out fresh ones in so vast and undeveloped a territory. At Tiumen, however, there is some activity, and the river was full of small craft, which had brought flour from the interior of Siberia, besides a fishing boat or two with fish from the Gulf of Obi. The emigrant barracks were full, and crowds of emigrants were camping on the turf without, looking sufficiently comfortable lying round their household gods and beside their beloved samovars. Hard by were hospitals maintained by the charitable and assisted by the government, which, since Count Tolstoi resigned the portfolio of the interior, has for the first time encouraged free emigration. No less than one hundred and twenty thousand emigrants from Russia passed through last year to occupy

lands allotted to them. At the wharf were one hundred and fifty families from the Crimea and Little Russia going to become "Cossacks" and occupy lands on military tenure in Semipalatinsk. Useful fellows these real or so-called Cossacks. They provide a ready-made army for the czar, and wherever they plant their adventurous standards, the ground becomes holy ground—holy Russia. A handful of such men acquired the great territory of the Amoor for Russia, and a few robbers took western Siberia. These Cossacks were paying twenty-five and the government seventy-five per cent. of their travelling expenses. The ordinary emigrant often buys cart and horse here, and jogs along thousands of miles with all his earthly goods to his destination. Last year dysentery and cholera broke out among them. This year the government is armed to the teeth against the enemy. Doctors, hospitals, and quarantine stations abound in all towns visited by the plague in 1892, and so far they have scared away the disease. Tiumen boasts telephones and electric bells; it is a place of active trade, and, as every one knows, it possesses a great forwarding station for Siberian convicts. The prison was not very full, and the wives of prisoners who had elected to accompany their husbands were sitting on benches outside the separate house allotted to them.

From Tiumen up the Tura to its junction with the Tobol, and thence up the Tobol to its junction with the Irtysh at Tobolsk, there is little of interest. Occasionally a small village is passed, composed of wooden houses built of logs, the interstices between which are stuffed with moss, and the windows of which are made of primitive glass shot with all the colors of imperfect manufacture. The inhabitants crowd upon the banks with eggs, milk, bread, and cucumbers. The village is emptied of its inhabitants, and in its broad, dusty streets a few pigs or head of cattle disconsolately wander. Behind stretches the illimitable steppe. A dreary prospect.

On the second day from Tiumen, when the river has broadened considerably after the accession of two tributaries, its banks become more picturesque. A Tartar village is passed and a vast grain store. The captain of our little tug-boat was a Polish exile, and had been sent to Tobolsk in 1864. At first he had to work hard for his living as a blacksmith, but he says the governor of Tobolsk was a humane and considerate official, who made the lives of the prisoners as comfortable as he could. After four years he was pardoned, but continued to follow his profession in the higher grade of machinist. Returning home to Poland he found little to keep him there, learnt to brew, and came back to Siberia, where, as a ship's engineer and ship's captain in summer and a brewer in winter, he has ever since remained. He gives his own experience only, but thinks naturally that others have not been worse treated than himself.

At 1 A.M., in almost broad daylight, we arrived at Tobolsk, the citadel of which hung high above the town, against sky which seemed to me to possess already a faint flush of red. On landing, a youth in a black coat and a rather white shirt took possession of us. He was frankly curious, and, as he first of all read our luggage labels, I asked him his name. The introduction thus accomplished, he said he was a student and intended to go to China. Why he was waiting about the wharf at 1 A.M. I do not know. He procured us a lodging however, and as we entered an old watchman walked up, beating the wooden pavement with his clubbed stick and springing his rattle. The long, straight streets are here paved with planks, along which you roll with rumbling noise but not uneven motion. At 7 A.M. a continuous knocking at the door is followed by a demand for my passport, which I give after noting the recipient's name. The thermometer marks 70° here on the 11th June, but there is a cool breeze at night.

Tobolsk was long the capital of Siberia and the centre of the district con-

quered in 1578 for the czar of Muscovy by the Cossack Ermack after a contest with the Tartars, whose descendants are yet found in the country. Before 1640 the Russians had subdued the vast territory lying eastward to the Sea of Okhotsk, but Tobolsk has ceased since 1824 to be the capital of western Siberia. It still possesses, however, large government and city buildings and a population of upwards of twenty thousand, and is yet the capital of a province which contains one-third of all the four million, three hundred and thirteen thousand inhabitants of Siberia. In a commanding position upon the citadel hill stands a monument to Ermack, and from a neighboring kiosk in a deserted public garden a fine view of the lower town can be obtained and of the junction of the Tobol with the Irtysh. The towers and spires of no less than twenty orthodox churches stand out among the wooden houses. In the Museum, oddly enough, are exhibited different kinds of knouts and an instrument for branding prisoners convicted of serious crime. The use of the whip and brand alike has been discontinued. The long needles of the latter must have caused intense pain. It is curious that these barbarous implements should be exhibited; but the custodian of the Museum had no hesitation in showing them, and explained how the needles were struck into forehead and cheek by the blow of a hammer on the butt end of the brand. There are three prisons here, in two of which prisoners are kept to hard labor.

A visit to a Siberian prison can convey but little information as to its normal condition. The Russians have been so frequently accused of treating their prisoners badly that the authorities are always on the alert, and have everything ready for an inspection. A traveller who asks leave to see the jails is always expected. Mr. Kennan, who went out to bless and none the less came back to curse, has indeed studied his problem thoroughly, but he went through Siberia in the character of the friend of the government, and was converted or perverted to an unfriendly

view of it and of all its works by political exiles with whom he held much communication. As he speaks Russian, and Messrs. Landsell and De Windt I think do not, he was able to acquire information other than that given him by the authorities, and his opinions and statements are entitled to much respect. At the same time the zeal of the pervert is only too apparent throughout his book, and he describes the hard fate of political prisoners in the picturesque language of the professional journalist, and dwells but lightly upon the atrocious crimes with which most of them had been concerned.

Siberia is a dreary country, but the fate of the exile is infinitely preferable to that of close prisoners in the most admirable of European jails. The Russians are naturally a kind-hearted and easy-going people; even their enemies allow this. Why, then, in the name of wonder should it be believed that they habitually ill-treat their prisoners? For my part, I do not believe they do. I have only enquired from convicts, ex-convicts, and free inhabitants of Siberia, but surely theirs is excellent evidence, and those who either do not or cannot examine such witnesses, can hardly pretend to be in a position to pronounce a judgment. Not that I pretend to be in any such position. I only record my impressions, and repeat what I heard at first hand. A man who cannot speak Russian at all can really do little more than receive what the local officers give him for publication. The hard-labor jails are large, four-square enclosures, with tall, wooden walls. Within are wooden houses, open spaces, and a conning tower. All was silence when I walked round them at different hours of the day. Through the interstices of the wooden uprights a view of the interior may be had by the passer-by. I could see that the green grass grew in the yards, and so little life or movement was apparent within that I can readily believe that the prisoners are not overworked, and this is what they tell you in the town. That the jails are at times greatly overcrowded is only too

true. However, Mr. Kennan's denunciation on this score also must be largely discounted, for the prisoners, as well as the authorities, are Russians who are no believers in the sacred principles of so many cubic feet of fresh air per head. On the contrary, they habitually live indoors, in an atmosphere which is death to an Englishman. In the deck-saloon of a Russian steamer, in the height of summer, you will find the windows carefully closed, and all the passengers voluntarily inhaling inexpressibly foul air, stale tobacco-smoke, and the odor of various viands. Without Mr. Kennan's powers of description, I may claim to have as good a nose, and I unhesitatingly affirm that Russians would not notice anything wrong with the sickening atmosphere which he describes in such a manner as to excite the strongest feelings of compassion and indignation in the hearts of his readers. In the very drawing-rooms of Petersburg, the atmosphere is intolerable, and produces a feeling of sickness in one accustomed to fresh air. In the railway carriages the windows can only be opened with turn-screws, and printed regulations provide that they shall not be opened to the annoyance of the orthodox passenger, except in certain hot months of the year, and then only by common consent, and only on one side of the carriage. Russians are accustomed to fetidness from their earliest youth. I shall never forget the look a mother gave me when I opened one window in a deck-saloon on a stifling day in June, while a thunderstorm lowered over the ship, and the thermometer in my deck-cabin stood at 90°. She shrieked, "My child! my child!" and called loudly to the steward to shut out the murderous current of fresh air.

The most distinguished of its exiles has been pardoned and has left Tobolsk. Early in the seventeenth century the Czar Boris Godunof, brother-in-law of Ivan the Terrible, the real founder of the Russian Empire, sentenced the bell of Uglieh to be flogged by the public executioner, to have its ears cut off, and to be exiled to Siberia.

The bell had given the signal for the insurrection. The cruel sentence was carried out, and not a traveller has since passed Tobolsk who has not recorded the presence within its limits of this long-suffering victim of a despot's wrath. But the faithful folk of Uglich, silent for nearly three centuries, had not forgotten their exiled bell. A feeling that its sins had been sufficiently expiated grew in intensity until last year it found voice in a petition to the emperor for its pardon. His Majesty at once granted the request, and orders were issued for the transport of the captive to its distant home. But these instructions aroused in Tobolsk a lively feeling of discontent. The bell, not without reason after so long a sojourn, was looked upon as a fellow-citizen, and it was confidently affirmed that in no part of its economy could any *animus revertendi* be discovered—that no such note had proceeded from it in three hundred years. A counter-petition was presented to the czar, but the monarch had spoken, and though he had not heard both sides of the case, his edict was unalterable. The bell was sent down the Irtysh to the Tobol, down the Tobol to Tiumen. The train bore it thence to Perm, whence the Kama had the honor to transport it to the Volga, on whose broad back it travelled, past Nijui of the fair and Romanof, cradle of the race of the czar who pardoned it, back to its old home in the ancient province of Yaroslav. The tired traveller of two thousand miles was received at Uglich with extravagant demonstrations of joyous welcome.

In the Museum of Tobolsk a magnanimous township exhibits alongside a model of the lost bell a photograph of its return to its old home, and its installation by priests and people in its place which had long been vacant. The chronicles of the *Peking Gazette* must be searched for a parallel case, but, indeed, in Russia Oriental phases of life and thought at every turn strike the observer who is familiar with the East. The sacred eikons cannot be moved, or the wonder-working proper-

ties of new aspirants to such honors be admitted, without the consent of the Holy Synod, which is practically a secular branch of the administration. Sir Donald Wallace, in his admirable work on Russia, says that the souls of the departed are often propitiated in the northern provinces by offerings of food and wine, as they are in southern India. As in the East, the traveller off the main routes must carry his bed and bedding and his bath, and must learn that time matters to no one but himself, but that his affairs are every one's property rather than his own. By the feeble rill of water that trickles into and out of a wash-hand basin, he will learn that the Russian has the Oriental's idea—one must wash in running water; and he will be surprised to observe that to wallow daily in a tub would be looked upon by those who surround him as by no means a cleanly proceeding. He will find the same curiosity which distinguishes the Oriental, and the same views as to the efficacy of little bribes. Indeed, in one of the chief towns in Russia I was witness to the offer by an *isvostchik*, or cabman, to a British consul of the percentage due to the latter on money paid the former by a visitor. The consul had ordered the cab for the visitor. Surely he should pay the consul his dues; it was the consul's right, and another cabman might be called in next time if the usual commission was not given.

After spending a night on a bench in a barge, we caught a steamer from Tomsk. There are no time-tables in Siberia, and a passenger has literally to sit by the river bank perhaps for twenty-four hours, and to first find his steamer. The Tomsk folk rather look down on Tobolsk. They have a university, many of the students of which are deck-passengers in the Siberian prison barge which our steamer tows to Tiumen. We have also a few prisoners in tow, passportless wanderers being sent back to Russia. The prison barge itself has cabins below for the night, and a deck-house with a grille for the day. It is furnished with a hos-

pital and doctor's drug-store, and there are separate cabins in which political prisoners or the sick are accommodated. There is nothing very dreadful about this floating prison. It runs aground, however, in a shallow, and gives some trouble before we get it off.

Better than another halt at Tiumen is a visit to Ekaterinburg. The fine town itself possesses sufficient interest, and even the mere Isetski Iron Works, equipped with schools, churches, hospitals, and boulevards, over and above all the necessary concomitants of great industrial undertakings. Upwards of a thousand hands are employed daily, at wages varying from 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 3s. a day. Food is very cheap, and here, as at the great Demidoff mines, ninety miles farther along the line, the proprietors and their agents appear to have a lively sense of the duties of proprietors to their *employés*.

Between Ekaterinburg and the summit of the Aral Mountains there fell the heaviest of showers to which succeeded the setting of the sun. The scattered fir-trees already cast long shadows on the green turf, and the guard passed the window saying, "Asia, five minutes," when the glorious arch of a brilliant rainbow appeared above us, the ends of which at an immense distance from one another rose from the dark forests of fir-trees. It was perfect in its colors, unbroken in its continuity, and its vast proportions were faintly reflected in a shadowy bow which surrounded it. Before the train reached "Europe" it had faded away with the setting sun, but its appearance on the crest of the Aral Mountains, at the boundary between Asia and Europe, seemed like a happy omen for tired travellers from the older continent. It was set in heaven like a triumphant arch, through which the passage might be made from one to another quarter of the globe.

Passing the happily named town and river of Sylva in the woods below the hills and the great government cannon foundry near Perm, famous for its colossal steam-hammer, the train enters Perm, which has made greater progress

in the last twenty years than in the three and a half centuries that have elapsed since the first foundation of a village on its commanding site above the Kama, whence now steamers start daily for Nijni Novgorod, just a little less than a thousand miles away.

After passing the confluence of the Viatka and Belaga, both navigable and unavigated streams, we ship forty-six thousand six hundred eggs for export across the Russian frontier, several basketsful of lilies of the valley, and a Tartar lady in gold brocade, blue velvet, fur-trimmed cloak, and green-heeled top-boots. We pass tremendous timber-rafts, not of the floating-castle type, but long and low-lying on the water. Some of these are fourteen hundred feet in length, one hundred broad, and ten deep. The steerers in the little log deck-houses manage them so well that they are never in the way.

On the morning of the third day from Perm the cupolas of Kazan shine in the rising sun. The romantic Sumbeki Tower and the tall chimneys serve as characteristic emblems of the past and present of the city where dwelt the Tartar khans to whom, till the days of Ivan the Terrible, in the middle of the sixteenth century, Muscovy paid tribute. From the top of the tower the last Tartar queen is said to have thrown herself in a fit of despair when the city fell, and in a golden ball upon its summit is said to have been enclosed a talismanic charm foretelling the restoration of Tartar rule. Meanwhile, of the remaining Tartars, and they are tens of thousands yet, many sell oranges, and the chimneys tell of manufactories of leather, soap, and stearine, and of the commercial activity of the city which is soon to be connected with the line of rail running from Nijni Novgorod to Moscow.

The Kremlin is like that of Moscow on a small scale, and, like its greater neighbor, has its miraculous images, its gold-and-silver-washed domes, its campaniles, cathedrals, public offices, its university, and long, straight streets. At Cheboksary among the women who

came down to the wharf to offer butter, bread-nuts, walking-sticks, and strawberries, are some Chuvashes clothed in white shirts tied loosely around the waist and descending thence to the knees, whence downwards the legs of the wearer are swathed in white felt and bound around with ropes. Huge felt boots complete this singular and simple attire.

The great mercantile town of Nijni Novgorod without its fair is yet a place of much interest, and it possesses the charm of historic association in a higher degree than most Russian towns, the home successively of idolatrous Finnish tribes, of Mohamedan, Bolgars, of Slavs, Tartars, the leaders of the Russian movement which resulted in the expulsion of the Poles in 1612, the centre of the greatest world's fair, the burial-place of ancient Russian princes who preceded the present Romanoff dynasty. The scene of the fair is in May a large town of empty shops and houses. Siberian streets are as desolate as the level plains of Tobolsk; in Chinese Row the grass grows. The Persian quarter cannot boast a red beard or a black cap. The sun beats down on empty boulevards, on silent streets, on a closed theatre, on canals innocent of barges, on flagless flag-staffs, on a huge commercial palace, sections of which bear the names of some of those merchant princes, the sphere of whose activity extends from London to China and Calcutta. The two hundred and seventy miles which intervene between Nijni Novgorod and Moscow are rich and fertile, and midway stands the ancient town of Vladimir, the seat of the grand dukes of Moscow in the fourteenth century, the prize of the Tartars in the thirteenth, when on its capture the Princess of Vladimir and her children, the bishops, priests, and clergy were burnt to death in the cathedral which was subsequently restored, and is now one of the most important in Russia.

But at Moscow we are no longer on the outskirts of Europe, but in the heart of Russia. A description of the busy life of this great commercial cen-

tre would be foreign to this article, but it is impossible not to wish its trade were not so heavily weighted by unsound national finance and high import duties, designed to bring about by violent and unnatural means an excess of exports and a balance due to Russia. The cry here is for diminished duties and taxation; for the construction of commercial, and not of strategical, lines of railway, for the development of the Caucasus and other wealthy but stagnant provinces; in short, for a sound financial policy. Quite lately it became necessary to purchase for a public purpose lands and buildings situated in one of the best sites in the city. The owners were called on to value their property in view to its being assessed to a local tax, but their undervaluations when received were at once accepted and taken as a basis of compensation for compulsory acquisition. This is only one instance among many of the difficulties under which Moscow merchants labor, while developing the commerce of the country and building up great fortunes for themselves. They are not immoderately charmed with the prospect of possessing a railway across Siberia, holding that, from a commercial point of view, many lines are more urgently needed. It is, indeed, difficult to forecast the result of this great undertaking, and the task must be left to some later traveller over the outskirts of Europe.

J. D. REES.

From The Nineteenth Century.

IN THE TARUMENSIAN WOODS.

STRANGE that reason should so often go astray, but that digestion should be unerring. So it is, though. The greatest minds have fallen into error. There is no recorded instance of even a congenital idiot having deceived his digestion. It may be, then, that, after all, reason is not the highest attribute of humanity.

Be that as it may, reason, in its eternal conflict with faith, seldom comes off so badly as when it encounters prej-

ndice. So inveterate is prejudice and so shamefaced is reason, that one sometimes wonders whether faith and prejudice are not synonymous.

Few prejudices are so inveterate, and therefore on few questions is so little reason displayed, as on the subject of the Jesuits.

To be a member of the Society of Jesus conveys to many excellent people the impression that a sort of baccalaureate of lying, of chicanery, and of casuistry has been attained. It would seem that a Jesuit is a man perpetually, for no particular object, endeavoring to deceive the world, and even himself. Macchiavelli is his favorite author, Suarez his dearest study, and his political ideal that of Ezzelino da Romano, or Malatesta of Rimini. In history, when a king was murdered or dethroned, a queen poisoned, a conspiracy hatched, or a revolution attempted, the blame was thrown upon the Jesuits, with or without proof, in the same impartial way as it is now thrown upon the Anarchists. In both cases no doubt the desired result was attained, and a scapegoat acquired on which to lay the sins of others. Humanity dearly loves a scapegoat.

Nothing in all the Mosaic dispensation appears to me to show more clearly the profound knowledge of the human heart possessed by its compiler than the institution of the sin-bearing quadruped. If the people were worth the sacrifice of the goat appears doubtful after a perusal of their history, and it might have been prudent, one would have thought, to hesitate before sacrificing the unoffending animal.

The Jesuits were said to be self-seekers in the Indies and schemers in Europe.

True, St. Francis Xavier was a Jesuit; and few, after reading his life, would accuse him of being a schemer or self-seeker, and, after reading his hymn, I should imagine that the doubts of any one would be removed. Still, perhaps he was the exception that proved the rule; though how exceptions prove rules has not been vouchsafed to us at present.

By a curious fatality, not only Catholics and Protestants, but also free-thinkers, were united against them, and their only defenders were Rousseau, Raynal, Mably, and Montesquieu. Even Felix de Azara, impartial as he was on most matters, and amiable, as his celebrated dedication to his history of Paraguay clearly shows him to have been, became a violent partisan when writing of the Jesuits. That in Paraguay, at all events, the Jesuits were not all self-seekers and plotters, that they accomplished much good, endured great perils and hardships, and were the only people whose mere presence did not bring mortality amongst the Indians, I hope to try to prove at some length at the proper time and place. Meanwhile I have to deal with the adventures of one particular Jesuit, a kindly, honest, simple-minded man, whose lot was thrown in strange places, and who fortunately has preserved for us a record of his undertakings.

On the eve of St. John, but without chronicling the year, except more or less (*anno de 1756 mas o menos*), did he, so to speak, strike the Gospel trail from San Joaquin in Paraguay, accompanied by some Guarani neophytes; but this demands a little explication.

In the last century the Jesuits had gathered most of the Guarani Indians in Paraguay, and what has now become the Argentine province of Corrientes, into some thirty little towns or missions, known to the country people as *capillas* (chapels), and extending from Guayrá, near the cataract of the Paraná, to Yapeyú, on the Uruguay. On this somewhat stony vineyard they worked unceasingly, instilling not only theology, but some tincture of civilization, into the Guaranis.

The Tobás, the Guaycurús, the Mocobos, then as now roamed the swampy wilderness of the Gran Chaco, the great hunting ground (Chaco in Guarani signifies a hunting ground) of the remnant of the tribes who fled from Peru and Chile on the advance of Almagro and Pizarro, and from Bolivia and the Argentine Republic before Solís and the Mendozas, to wander in its re-

cesses. In the little town of San Joaquín, called Taruma by the Jesuits, on account of the forests of taruma-trees which surrounded it, there dwelt the chronicler of the following little episode.

He was a member of the crafty, scheming Society of Jesus, it should be remembered, so that no doubt his writings had an esoteric meaning. From his youth he had been engaged in missionary work.

Like Moffat and like Livingstone, he burned with zeal to change the faith of men who had done him no previous injury, and, like them, having begun his labors, his humanity rose superior to his dogma. In those days no paragraphs in newspapers, no plaudits from a close-packed audience in Exeter Hall, at intervals of a year or two, no testimonials, no pious teas; nothing but drudgery amongst savages, but journeys, ridings by night and day, sleeping amongst swamps, fightings and preachings, and death at last of fever, or by Indian club or arrow.

For all reward, calumny and misconception, and a notice in the appendix of a book written by a member of the society, in this wise:—

Padre Julian Lizardi, a Biscayan, caught by the Chiriguano, tied to a stake, and shot to death with arrows.

Diego Herrera, pierced with a spear.

Lucas Rodriguez, slain at the altar by the Mocobios.

Gaspar Osorio, killed and eaten by the Payaguás.

In those days a missionary, even a Jesuit, had to bear his cross; not that the missionary of to-day does not ascend his little Calvary, but still I fancy that the pebbles in the road are not so lumpy, and that the road itself is better fit for bicycles. Thrice had my Jesuit crossed the Pampas from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza, as he tells us. Often had he travelled amongst the Tobás and the Abipones; amongst the Guayurús, most turbulent of heathen, who extract their eyelashes to better see the Christians, and to slay them; their bodies painted many colors; worshipping no gods, except, perhaps, their horses,

with whom they are more truly of one flesh than with their wives. In perils oftentimes amongst the Payaguás, "those pirates of the Paraná, disdaining gods, destroying man, staining their faces with the juice of the caraguatá, a purple like that of Tyre; having a vulture's wing dependent from their ears; very hard of heart, and skilled in paddling a canoe, and striking fish with arrows, like themselves alone."

Languages so hard as to appear impossible to Europeans, "so do they snort and sneeze and cough their words," had to be overcome; speaking both Guarani and Mocobio, "with the Latin and some touch of Greek and Hebrew." Though brought up as a priest, he had become a horseman; riding with the Gauchos day and night, though, as he tells us, never quite so much at home upon a horse of Paraguay as on a horse of Europe; for it appears "a horse of Paraguay" (and this I have observed myself, though not a Jesuit) "is apt to shy and bound, and if the bridle be neglected, lift his head up in the air, and, arching his back, give with his rider (*dar con el ginete*) on the ground."

*Medio chapeton*¹ *el padre*, as I think I see.

This was the sort of training a Jesuit missionary underwent in Paraguay, and for which it may be that Salamanca, Rome, Coimbra, or even Paris, fitted him but moderately.

San Joaquín itself could not have been a place of residence to be called luxurious. Like all the Jesuit missions in Paraguay, it must have been a little place built round a square, enclosing a bright green lawn; a kind of island lost in the sea of forest. A well-built church of stone in the Jesuit style of architecture, the college with its store-rooms for hides and wool and maté. On each side the church a date-palm, waving like a bulrush. A long, low row of wooden houses, with deep verandahs, thatched with palm-leaves. An air of calm and rest and melancholy over the place, a sort of feeling as if

¹ *Chapeton* is used by Spanish Americans for a new-comer, and by inference a bad horseman.

you had landed (and been left) in Juan Fernandez. Sun and more sun, heat and more heat, and a whitish vapor stealing at evening time over the woods, wrapping the town in its folds, and giving the bell of the Angelus a muffled sound.

In the daytime women, in white clothes, with baskets on their heads of maize and mandioca, hair like horses' tails cut square across the forehead and hanging down their backs, clustered like bees in the centre of the square, and chattered Guarani in undertones, such as Indians always use. The men in white duck trousers, barefooted, and with cloaks of red *bayeté*, lounged about, doubtless when the Jesuits were not looking; as they do to-day.

Before the houses, posts of heavy wood, to which from sunrise till sunset horses ready saddled stood fastened; horses which seemed to sleep, unless an unwary passer-by approached too near them, when they sprang back into life, snorting with terror, sat back upon their *jaquimas*, causing their owners to leave their *maté*, and to bound like cats to quiet them, with cries of "Jesus," "Ba eh picó," and other things less fitting to record, even in Guarani. Outside the town the forest stretching into distance. Forests of viraró, of urunday, taruma, araguay, and zamaú, of every strange and iron-hearted wood that Europe never hears of, even to-day. Trees which grow, and fall and rot, and spring up bound with lianas like thick cordage, and through which the bell-bird calls, the guacamayos flutter, and tucanes dart; and where the spotted tiger creeps (that Jesuit of the jungle) beside some pool covered with leaves of the Victoria Regia.

The college itself, no doubt a cheerless place enough, dazzling with white-wash on the outside, and in the interior dark and heavy, with an aroma of tobacco-smoke to serve as incense. For furniture a *catre* of wood, with strips of hide for bedstraps, or a white cotton hammock swung from an iron ring let into the beams. A shelf or two of books, chiefly on medicine or engineering or architecture; for your Jesuit

was doctor, music-master, architect, and sometimes military instructor to the community. Two or three chairs, roughly cut out of solid wood and seated with stamped leather in the Spanish style; a table or two, a porous water-jar; in the corner the padre's saddle on a trestle, and on a nail a gun; for at times a Jesuit *capilla* became a place to fight as well as pray in.

In the forests scattered families of Indians lived, remnants of tribes destroyed by small-pox or by wars; and it was the dream of every self-respecting, able-bodied Jesuit to find and mark these sheep wandering in the wilderness without a shepherd. What they underwent in hardships, lack of food, attacks of Indians, crossing swamps and rivers, by heat and cold, Guévara and Lozano, Ruiz Montoya and Father Dobrizhoffer, have set forth with pious pride, and more or less dog Latin.

News having come to San Joaquin that the trail of Indians had been crossed near to the town, he sallied forth, and having found and marked his sheep, compiled the following description, in which he tells, besides the story, what kind of man he was himself; and proves beyond a doubt that, following the words of Santa Teresa, he "was only fit for God."

On the eve of the Evangelist Blessed St. John the Baptist, I took a guide and entered the Tarumensian woods accompanied by some neophytes. I crossed the Rio Empalado, and having carefully explored all the woods of the river Monday Mini, and discovering at length on the third day a human footstep, we tracked it to a little dwelling where an old woman with her son and daughter, a youth and maiden of fifteen and twenty years, were dwelling.

Being asked where the other Indians were to be found, the mother replied that no one dwelt in the woods but herself, her son and daughter, and that all the rest had died of small-pox.

Perceiving us doubtful as to the truth of this, the son said, "You may believe my mother, for I have looked for a wife up and down these woods for leagues, but never met a human being."

Nature had taught the young savage that it was not lawful to marry his sister.

I exhorted the mother to remove to my town where she would be more comfortable.

She declared herself willing to do so, but there was one objection: "I have," she said, "three peccaries which I have brought up. They follow us wherever we go, and I am afraid, if they are exposed to the sun in a dry plain, unshaded by trees, they will soon die."

"Pray be no longer anxious," I said; "I shall treat these dear little animals with due kindness. Lakes, rivers, and marshes will always be at hand to cool your favorites."

Here I detect the cloven foot for the first and last time in this worthy man's career, for round San Joaquin there are no rivers or lakes, and I fear his anxiety to mark the sheep rendered him careless of the little peccaries.

Induced by these promises, she set out with us, and reached the town on the first of January.

No date is given, but I fancy in San Joaquin time was what they had most to dispose of.

And now it will be proper to give an account of the dwelling of the mother and her children. Their hut consisted of the branches of the palm-tree and their drink of muddy water.

To this day the majority of huts in Paraguay are of palm-leaves, and for the muddy water, it grits yet (in dreams) between my teeth.

Fruits, antas,¹ rabbits and birds, maize and mandioca, were their food, a cloth woven of the leaves of the caraguatá their bed and clothing. They delighted in honey, which abounds in the hollow trees. The smoke of tobacco the old woman inhaled day and night through a reed. The son constantly chewed tobacco-leaves. The youth wore a cloak of caraguatá, reaching to the knees. The girl wore a short net by day, which she used as a hammock by night. This appearing to me too transparent, I gave her a cotton towel to cover her more effectually. The girl, folding up the towel, put it on her head; but at the desire of her mother wrapped herself in it. I gave the youth, too, some linen clothes to wrap himself in. Before putting on these he had climbed the trees, agile as a mon-

key, but his wrapper impeded him so that he could hardly move a step.

Whether my author thinks it an advantage that, of a happy climbing faun, he had made a being who could not move a step, I do not know. But "all was conscience and tender heart" with him, for he observes immediately:—

In such extreme need, in such penury, I found them, experiencing the rigors of the anchorites of old without discontent, vexation, or disease. The mother and son were tall and good-looking, but the daughter had so fine and elegant a countenance that a poet would have taken her for a nymph or dryad. She united a becoming cheerfulness with great courtesy, and did not seem at all alarmed at our arrival.

When one reads an account like this, and reflects that Cook, Cabeza de Vaca, De Bougainville, Columbus, and others, all unite in describing similar people; and when one has even seen it oneself, it seems a pity that villainous saltpetre should have been digged, more villainous whiskey distilled, and that Bible peddling should have become a trade.

As this insulated family had no intercourse with any but themselves, their Guarani was much corrupted. The youth had never seen a woman but his mother and his sister. The girl had seen no man but her brother, her father having been torn to pieces by a tiger before she was born. Not to go unattended [*sin companero*], she had a little parrot and a small monkey on her arm.

The new proselytes were quickly clothed in the town, and food supplied them.

L'ultimo lasso! de' lor giorni allegri.

I also took care that they should take frequent excursions to the woods to enjoy the shade and pleasant freshness of the trees, to which they had been used, for we found by experience that savages removed to towns often waste away from the change of food and air, and from the heat of the sun, accustomed as they have been to moist, shady, and cool groves.

The same was the fate of the mother, son, and daughter.

One hardly knows whether to laugh or cry. Hamlet has put the folly of falling a-cursing in such a light that

¹ Tapirs.

perhaps not to *raggionar* is best, but silently to pass.

A few months after their arrival they were afflicted with a heaviness and universal rheum [*reuma universal*], to which succeeded pains in the eyes and ears and deafness. Lowness of spirits and disgust to food at length wasted their strength to such a degree that an incurable consumption followed. After languishing some months the old mother, who had been properly instructed [one feels relieved] in the Christian religion and baptized, delivered up her spirit with a mind so calm, so acquiescent with the divine will, that I cannot doubt but that she entered into a blessed immortality.

I would fain hope so too, so that at least the unhappy sufferer had some practical set-off against the clothes and baptism which were her apparent ruin.

The girl, who had entered the town full of health and beauty, soon lost all resemblance to herself. Enfeebled, withering by degrees like a flower, her bones hardly holding together, she followed her mother to the grave, and, if I be not deceived, to heaven.

Again I hope the good and worthy muddlehead was right in his conjecture, though there is no mention of baptism or religious instruction in this case.

The brother still surviving was attacked by the same malady, but being of a stronger constitution overcame it. The measles, which made great havoc in the town [another blessing in disguise], left him so confirmed in health that he seemed beyond danger. He was of a cheerful nature, went to church daily [*pobrecito*], learnt the doctrines of Christianity with diligence, was gentle and compliant to all, and in everything discovered marks of future excellence. Nevertheless, to put his perseverance to the proof, I thought best to delay his baptism. At this time a rich and Christian Indian [*un Indio rico y cristiano*], who at my request had received the catechumen into his house, came and said to me: "Father [*pai*], our wood Indian is in perfect health of body, but is a little astray in mind. He makes no complaints, but says sleep has deserted him; his mother and sister appearing to him every night and saying, 'Suffer thyself to be baptized.'"

I wonder a little at this, when they knew how fatal baptism had proved in their own case.

"We shall return to take thee when thou dost not expect it." This vision, he says, takes away his sleep. "Tell him," I answered, "to be of good cheer, for that the melancholy remembrance of his mother and sister is the cause of his dreams, and they, as I think [O *Pai Yponá*, were you not certain then?], are gone to Heaven, and have nothing more to do with this world."

A few days after the same Indian returned, giving the same account. Suspecting there was something in it, I hastened to the house, and found him sitting up in bed. On my asking for his health, he answered, "I am well and free from pain," but that he could not sleep, from the vision of his mother and sister telling him to be baptized, and saying they were ready for him. This he told me prevented him from getting any rest. I thought it probable that this was a mere dream, and worthy of neglect. Mindful, however, that dreams have often been divine admonitions, and oracles of God, as appears from Holy Writ, it seemed advisable in a matter of such moment to consult the security and tranquillity of the catechumen. Being assured of his constancy and of his acquaintance with the chief heads of religion by previous interrogation [*interrogatorios previos*], I soon after baptized him by the name of Luis. This I did on the 23rd of June, the eve of St. John, about the hour of ten in the morning, by the sand clock.

On the evening of the same day, without a symptom of disease or apoplexy, he quietly expired.

This event, a fact well known to the whole town, and which I am ready to attest on oath, astonished every one.

I should have only looked on it as certain to occur after the fateful effects of the previous treatment (and *interrogatorios*) on the mother and sister.

I leave my reader to form his own opinion, but in my own mind I could never deem the circumstance merely accidental. I attributed it to the exceeding compassion of the Almighty that these three Indians were discovered by me in the recesses of the woods; that they so promptly complied with my exhortations to enter my town and embrace Christianity, and that they closed their lives after receiving baptism.

The remembrance of my expeditions to the Empalado, though attended by many dangers and hardships, is still most grateful to my heart; inasmuch as it proved highly fortunate to the three wood Indians, and advantageous to the Spaniards. These last having been certified by me that no more savages (*sic*) remained, collected many thousand pounds of Yabu uráte, from which they derived an amazing profit.

This much of the Guaraní town of Taruma. If on this subject [says our pious author] I appear to have written too much, let the reader be told that I have passed over many remarkable things in silence.

The above history almost seems to show that there were Jesuits and Jesuits even in Paraguay.

Why has their rule, then, called forth such censure, and gained them such an evil reputation? Why have both Catholics and Protestants combined to write them down? It could not be their wealth in Paraguay, for at their expulsion, when all their colleges were ransacked, only a small sum was found. It could not be that the luxurious lives they led excited envy, for the little episode I have commented on is but one of many scattered through the lives of all of them, and recorded in various tongues from Latin to Guaraní. It may be that the viceroys feared an *imperium in imperio* in Paraguay; though how some thousands of such Indians as those who suffered baptism and death in the old priest's story could shake an empire is difficult to understand. It may have been that the mission priests in Paraguay paid for the sins of Jesuit intriguers at the courts of Europe. Theology does not, I think, reject vacarious punishment. Certain it is that mention of Paraguay and the missions never fails to call forth talk of despotism and tyranny, and complaints of Indians turned to mere machines by the too paternal government of the Jesuits. This may have been so. It may have been that their scheme of government would not have satisfied Sir Thomas More, Karl Marx, or Plato. Still, there were then Indians to govern. Where are they now? Where are the thirty towns, the eighty or one hundred thousand in-

habitants, the flocks and herds, the domestic cattle ("with wild ones innumerable"), spoken of in the report of the suppression of the missions, by Buccarelli, viceroy to Charles the Third?

Where are the well-built churches, and the happy, simple folk who worshipped in them, believing all things?

Take horse from Itapua, ride through San Cosme, the Estero, Neembucú, or San Ignacio Mini and look for Indians, look for churches, look for cattle, or any sign of agriculture; you will find all dead, gone, desolate, deserted, or fallen to ruin. Sleep in the deserted towns, and perhaps, as I did, camping in the plaza of La Trinidad alone, my horse tied to a tuft of grass beside me, you may see a tiger steal in the moonlight out of the deserted church, descend the steps, and glide into the forest.

Azara and Bonpland say that the communistic rule of the society rendered the Indians thriftless and idle; though this is difficult to reconcile with their further statement that they were well-nigh worked to death. The Indians themselves were not aggrieved at communism; for, in their petition to the viceroy at the expulsion of the Jesuits, they complain of "liking not the fashion of living of the Spaniards, in which no man helps the other." It may have been that the Spanish settlers in Paraguay wanted the Indians to slave for them in their plantations, and that the Jesuits withstood them. But when the ruin of an institution or of an individual is decreed, reasons are never wanting. The Jesuits in Europe may have deserved their fate. In Paraguay, in spite of writers none of whom saw the missions under their rule, the Jesuits did much good, mixed with some folly, as is incidental to mankind.

If only on the principle that a living dog is of more value than a dead king, the policy of isolation the Jesuits pursued was not a bad one, for it left them at least Indians to govern. Be all this as it may, I have no doubt that many learned men, skilled in the Greek and Latin (but not in Guaraní),

have written and will write of the Jesuits in Paraguay, and prove to demonstration that it is fruit for self-congratulation that the Indians of the missions are free and non-existent. Still, I sometimes wish that I had seen the missions full of Indians, and stocked with cattle, instead of desolate and fallen into decay. And for the amiable and apostolic priest who told the story of his labors in the Tarumensian wilds, and chronicled in execrable Spanish the discovery, death, and baptism of his three victims, I have only one complaint to make, and that is, that he did not tell us if town life proved fatal to the three little peccaries.

R. B. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM.

From The Spectator.
JEREMIAH.

JEREMIAH was a monkey, a common brown monkey of the Himalayas. He derived his name from the pathos of his expression, for out of a strange, puckered, wizened little old face looked two soft brown eyes that were infinitely sad. Never indeed was the depth of their liquid melancholy so profound as when the curious little mind behind them was devising some wickedness; for Jeremiah was a perfect picture of unregenerate man. It was once said—perhaps with more wit than wisdom—that a certain viceroy of India, long since passed away, had the appearance of an Italian organ-grinder and the morals of his monkey, but not even that unscrupulous statesman could have been more entirely devoid of moral sense than Jeremiah. Fear of punishment the monkey had; and when doing something he well knew to be wrong, he would utter shrill screams of terror, though without desisting for a moment from his work. Possibly, like “the Twins” of modern fiction, he felt he *must* do it.

Of one thing, however, Jeremiah was capable, and that was a most passionate and touching affection. He undoubtedly loved his master; and it was pa-

thetic to see the joy with which he would fling himself into the arms of his friend after a short absence, and the way the wrinkles on his face would smooth themselves out, and the expression of having the cares of the ages on his mind pass from his eyes, as he looked at the face he loved best. But no sooner was his master's attention given elsewhere than he would jump down and set about contriving and executing some piece of mischief. So incorrigibly mischievous did he become at last that he had to be chained up, or no ornaments of any kind would have been left in the house. He had a wonderful instinct for fragile and breakable articles, and if he could capture a vase or a tumbler, he would speed with it to the top of the highest tree in the garden and, chattering loudly, throw it down.

But Jeremiah's greatest and most remarkable feat was stealing a dog. The animal was not a valuable one, for it was only a common black Pariah, or village dog; but though Jeremiah did not display much taste for canine beauty, he was a good judge of canine character, for Kālu was the sweetest-tempered of slaves and playfellows to him. When Jeremiah's master was moving from one station to another, the monkey, then quite a young thing, was sent to march with the syces and the horses, and a new English dog-cart. It was thought that in the latter Jeremiah might ride, as his tender years seemed to unfit him for a long march. However, he had not gone far before two buttons were twisted off the cushions, a hole bitten in the cloth, and the monkey's little hand busily engaged in drawing out handfuls of the stuffing. Jeremiah was therefore condemned to walk, and a very weary little monkey, dusty and thirsty, arrived at the end of the long day's march. And apparently—for one can only guess at the processes of an animal's mind—Jeremiah thought it over, and decided it was not good enough.

He was well and amply supplied with food, and the men noticed that he chose a black dog out of the crowds

that hung about the camp, and offered it part of his evening meal. The next day the dog followed the march, and the monkey, beguiling him within reach of his chain, jumped on his back, a proceeding the dog in no way resented. Every day the same thing was repeated, and Jeremiah rode the whole of the remaining eighty miles, the syces being highly delighted at his sharpness. At night Jeremiah fed Kâlu with a part of his own supper, and slept curled up near his friend. The two had a game of play in the mornings, and as soon as the march began, Jeremiah, apparently to the perfect satisfaction of the dog, mounted his steed as a matter of course.

When they reached their destination Kâlu was at once adopted into the family, and was committed to the care of the dog-boy and allowed a regular ration like the other dogs. He rapidly grew sleek; and with his soft, brown eyes, his keen, long face and black coat, he was by no means bad-looking — thus giving another instance of the well-known beautifying effects of prosperity. Though Kâlu became attached to his master, his friendship for Jeremiah never wavered; and as strict orders had been given that the two friends were not to be interfered with, they slept and played and fed together as before.

At last a tragedy separated them. Kâlu, though fat and sleek, and wearing a collar that marked him as private property, was an unmistakable Pariah; and just about that time a foolish and cruel custom had arisen in the station of shooting these animals, whose services are really valuable as scavengers. The nominal reason given for this was that the barking of stray dogs was annoying at night; the real one, that to shoot a few Pariahs afforded a pleasant variation to the monotony of the subaltern's Sunday. So poor Kâlu met his fate, which neither a collar nor his many virtues could avert from him. Sad to relate, Jeremiah showed no sorrow for the death of his friend. It is true he could not have looked sadder than he did before, but he did not apparently miss his playfellow, and

immediately turned his attention to teasing Dash, the English spaniel. Now, Dash was extremely careful of his dignity, which was terribly outraged by Jeremiah. At afternoon tea-time Jeremiah was generally set free, as then his friends could look after him, and he was always given some cake and bread and butter as his share of the meal. The cake was too nice to be wasted, so Jeremiah ate as much as he could, and filled his pouches with the rest. The bread and butter, however, was reserved for the humiliation of poor Dash. Jeremiah would advance in an engaging manner, holding a large and well-buttered piece of bread towards Dash's nose. The dog would try to ignore his enemy, knowing that it was unlawful to attack him; but at last, overcome by the smell of the food, would make a dart at it, and in a moment Jeremiah executed a somersault over his back, pulling or biting his tail on the way. Then Dash growled and snapped; but his enemy was already seated on the curtain-pole or some other place of vantage, from which he was looking amiably down at the sufferer.

Jeremiah came into the possession of the writer about the time when the late Professor Romanes's book on "Animal Intelligence" was published, and the monkey was carefully watched to discover, if possible, both the extent and limits of his intelligence. His mind was certainly full of thoughts, but these were malevolent and mischievous ones. No trace of that elementary moral sense which dogs show could be detected in him. No doubt he was capable of a passionate affection; but, so far as could be observed, it was purely a selfish love. A cowardly, greedy little animal, he recognized there were people with whom he was safe, and who were sure to feed him. He was afraid of punishment, but his fear was very like the conscience of many people, — it acted too late to prevent him from doing what he knew he ought not; or rather, as in human beings, the desire in the present was stronger than any fear of the future. But one thing was plain, and

that was that though it could not be said the monkey was as advanced in intelligence as the dog, yet there was an obvious resemblance in his mental processes to those of a non-moral and irresponsible man which is not to be seen in any other animal. This seems to show that his mind had the same sort of curious but incomplete resemblance to the human mind that his body had to the body of a man. It is impossible, in fact, to live long with a monkey without having our belief strengthened in that ape-like ancestor of arboreal habits of which we are told by some writers.

Jeremiah's exit was worthy of his career. Once more his master was on the move, and he had decided to give the monkey away instead of taking him with him. As he went out to mount his horse when leaving the bungalow, he beheld Jeremiah come from one of the rooms where packing was going on, and hop across the carriage drive. Under his arms were two cherished Venetian glass vases, a metal ornament was in one hand and a small pair of bellows in the other. His pouches were distended with stolen dainties. With a shrill cry, when he saw he was observed, he darted up a tree, flung down the vases with an angry scream, bit a hole in the bellows, and hurled them after the glasses. Then with a triumphant chatter he disappeared into the upper branches, and was no more seen.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE SECRET SOCIETIES OF ISLAM.

IT is a saying among the immigrants of north Africa that "lies are caught with honey, and the followers of the Prophet with fanatical devices." The whole of that part of this vast continent, from one end to the other, is absolutely honeycombed with these societies, where unrelenting hatred of the "infidel invader" is continually preached. The most important one of all, from the point of view of wealth,

influence, and number of its affiliated members is that of the "Senoussya," styled in the East the Jesuits of Islam. Its adepts are at every point from Euphrates to the Atlantic, from Constantinople to the Mediterranean and the Indian Sea. It is authoritatively stated that in Algeria alone there are no less than sixteen of these societies, numbering altogether as many as three hundred and fifty-five *zaouïas* or leaders, and one hundred and fifty thousand *khouane* or brother-missionaries ready to risk their lives in the service of their order. This order was established some fifty years ago by Mohammed-el-Senoussi, a resolute marabout of reputed saintly disposition, who dwelt in the province of Mortanem. The rules of the order are very severe, and its doctrines absolutely fanatical. The present chief is El Mahedi, the son of the Sheik Mohammed, who died in 1869, and the entire body of the affiliated is as thoroughly under his control as if it were formed of none other but slaves. He transferred the seat of the order to an oasis in the centre of the Libyc desert—to Djerboub, where stood the ancient temple of Jupiter-Ammon—and there he lives, like Alexander Selkirk, the lord of all he surveys, and rules the entire Mussulman world, just as the pope—and more influentially even than the pope—rules the Roman Catholic world. His emissaries, who are legion, carry his orders, which they see are obeyed, throughout the whole of Mahommedan Africa, and to the Mussulmans of eastern Russia, China, and British India. The *zaouïa* of Djerboub is a fortress full of arms and ammunition, and is defended by a resident guard of three thousand fanatical warriors; but these measures of defence are scarcely necessary, for it is not at all likely that an army, either small or large, would march through the sea of sand which surrounds the oasis. The *zaouïas*—leaders—meet there about once every two years, for the purpose of regulating the religious and political interests of the association. That it is a threatening influ-

ence operating unceasingly against European dominion in north Africa there can be no doubt; as there is no doubt that it is at the bottom of all the political intrigues against which foreign powers have to contend; and, moreover, it is certain that El Mahedi has as many fanatics subject to his authority in Persia and Afghanistan as he has in north Africa.

Any one who has visited those numerous Moorish cafés frequented by Arabs must have been struck by the sleepy looks of the greasy Bedouins wrapped in their soiled *burnous*, sitting, to all appearance, quite indifferent to what may be going on around them, gravely sipping their coffee and puffing out spasmodically the smoke from their long pipes. Restlessly on the move, waiting for orders, there are the *ka-wadji*—coffee servers—wearing apparel of bright, glaring colors, and with the invariable jasmine flower stuck behind their ears. After sunset the café assumes quite another aspect. By the light of a flickering, smoky lamp, the frequenters grouped at the end of the room, with their backs to the entrance, form themselves into a half-circle, sitting cross-legged on the ground. In front of them, with his back to the wall, sitting cross-legged on a wooden box, is a loquacious Arab, who addresses them for hours at a time, now in a slow, monotonous tone of voice, and then in loud, excited tones. Somewhat later at night, when the doors and shutters of the café have been closed, the affiliated Arabs still remain at their post, and, freed from the fear or presence of strangers, they throw off their assumed taciturnity and engage in animated conversation. They exchange in rapid whispers the sacred passwords of the *deker*. The *khouans*—brothers—crowd up close to listen to the instructions which are given them by the above-mentioned narrator of legendary tales, told in the early part of the evening as a blind to mislead intruders. This mysterious agent has possibly just arrived from Morocco, or Tripoli, or

the furthest confines of Arabia. His mission is, under the disguise of a relater of amusing stories, to preach in secret the holy war against the infidels, and to announce to his listeners the near coming of *Moul-et-Sââ*, the master of the hour. "The deliverer will drive into the sea the Christians, whose reign, according to the prophecy, has lasted its allotted time." Each one of his auditors receives special instructions from the *Khalifat* El Mahedi for communication to the members of his *cof* or tribe; and then they all separate, and the narrator journeys farther afield to continue his propaganda.

When a Mussulman wishes to become a member of some special brotherhood he requests the assistance of a *khouan*, who introduces him, after having acquainted him with the necessary formalities. He takes him by the hand, teaches him the prayers he has to say, informs him of the virtues of certain amulets, tells him the nature of his duties, and reveals to him certain secrets. As is the case with many Christian associations, the religious brotherhoods of Islam are owners of valuable property. A great many mosques and *zaouias* belong to them, frequently held in the name of unaffiliated persons, but they invariably and without abatement receive the revenues derived from these possessions. There is scarcely an important city in north Africa where there is not at least a mosque in which they have a financial interest. The mode of affiliation among the adepts is quite poetical. The Arabs style it "Taking the rose." For instance, if a believer desires to be affiliated to the religious order of Moulay-Taïeb he wears the rose of that name. Two Mussulmans meet as strangers, and one will say to the other, "What rose wearest thou?" That is the "Who goes there?" of the affiliation. If the individual to whom this question is addressed belongs to no secret congregation he will answer, "I wear no rose of any kind: I am simply the servant of God."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AN OLD "SEVENTY-FOUR" FRIGATE.

BY W. W. STORY.

AH yes, my friend, I am nothing now
But a battered old Seventy-Four—
No Youth at the helm, and Hope at the
prow,
As once in the days of yore ;
In the gallant old days, now gone, now
dead,

When I was so young, strong, free,
With my sails all spread and my flag at my
head

Ready to brave any sea,
Any storm, any danger, if only it led
To Glory and Victory.

Ah, those were the glorious days of old
That I never again shall know !
Dear days, that were once so glad and bold
In the young, brave long ago,
When the winds were my playmates, the
sea my bride,
And over the billows in joy and pride
Unfearing I used to ride ;
Dear days, that are now so dead and cold,
For which Time's funeral bells have tolled
Their dirges of sorrow and woe.

I am nothing now but a shattered old hulk
With not even a sail or mast,
Laid up in the dock to rot and to sulk,
And to brag of the days that are past.
There is only one gun, an old cracked one,
That is left me here on my deck,
From which hot shot in the days that are
not

I fired from this shattered old wreck.
Despoiled and bereft, and with nothing left,
I am kept here, who knows why,
Save to tell the old tales till my memory
fails

Of the glorious days gone by—
Of the battles I fought, of the din of war,
Of the times of peace, of the voyages far
Into many a sea and clime
That I made in the good, old, well-rigged
time,

When life was without a care,
And I, in my strength and prime.
Now, far away to the tropic isles,
Where the love-birds of Paradise flash
through the air,
And the year's long summer sleeps linger-
ing there,

And the deep blue heaven smiles,—
Now, to the North where the icebergs high
Topple all flashing against the sky,
Or into the seas at their bases lashing,
Splitting, fall with a sudden crashing,

And the white gulls startled fly.
Ah then, on the world how gladly I went,
With a craving of wild unrest ;
No doubt, no question my spirit oppressed,
But on, with my sails all trimmed and
bent,

Joyous I sailed, and this wretched old hull
Was ready to lie in the tropic's lull,
When the winds were all asleep,
Or the tempest and storm unfearing to-
breast

When they roused their revel to keep.

You may laugh if you choose, and scorn
and abuse

Those good old sailing days—
You may boast of your steam and your
wheels and your screws,
And all your new-fangled ways ;
But for beauty and grace you must take
second place,

However your use you praise.
Ah yes ! for a braver and gallanter sight
On the ocean you never will find
Than an old three-master, its canvas white—
All rounded out to the wind,—
Not hammering, panting along the sea
With a ceaseless splashing and noise,
But almost flying, bending, careening,
Now up erect, now sideways leaning,
With an ever-shifting poise.

Ah, that was sailing ! ah, that was living !
How we went in those days ! how we
went !

The winds from heaven their impulse giv-
ing,

And we joying in what they sent !
How we played with the storm and laughed
with the tempest,

As under their pressure we bent,
The wild seas leaping, and rushing, and
sweeping

Over our decks and sides ;
Our sharp prow lifting high up, and cleaving
The dark blue billows before it heaving,

As over them bravely it rides ;
Or downward stooping and into them
swooping,

As greenly they yawned beneath,
Into their deep black caverns scooping,
With a foam-bone in its teeth,—

While above, at the mast-head flying free,
And playing with the wind,
Streamed the good old flag, and after us
sweeping

Came the following gulls, their orb'd
wings dipping

In the foam-fringed edge of the billows
upleaping

In the rustling wake behind.

How we used to speed o'er the summer seas
With hearts so happy and light, —
Our full sails strained by the steady breeze,
And scarcely a cloud in sight !

All the long fresh day how we sped away,
With never a dream of care —
All the moonlight night, so clear and bright,
With its few large stars and rare !
Singing and laughing, and jesting and
chaffing,

Not knowing how happy we were !
Ah ! then we lived, we lived, my boy !
Life was not then a remembered joy ;
But we lived in the Present, and wide-
eyed Hope

Had the key of the Future, and promised
to ope

New Joys in the Life before.
And we panted for more and more,
Never content, though we wildly spent
Of the Present's abundant store,
Scarcely knowing how happy Life was, as
it went,

Till the voyage of Youth was o'er ;
For 'tis only at last, looking back at the Past
And its dear sweet long-ago,
With its careless joys, and its brief annoy, —
How happy we were we know !

Now ! — ah now ! — but 'tis useless to sigh
For the dear old days gone utterly by, —
The glad old time of my strength and prime,
That only in dreams I see, —
As afar they sleep in the distance deep
Of my fading memory.

Here all alone, life's voyages done,
Its banners and sails and masts cut down,
Everything but the old timbers gone,
Useless and hopeless I lie

In the narrow dead dock of Age, —
And silently wait till the fiat of fate
Turn over Life's last sad page, —
Open wide with its key this prison gate
And set me free from this cage ;
And I hear the stern cry sounding low but
clear —

Break up the old hulk, throw its fragments
away !

'Twas a good old ship, perhaps, as you say,
But 'tis useless now, it has had its day,
It only encumbers us here !

But even here, when the guns on the shore
Peal out, I can feel the old battle's roar
Sounding again, that I never more,
While life remains shall forget,
When out on the sea the enemy
In my fighting trim I met !

Ah ! my old hulk, each shotted gun
Then peeled in a thundering unison,
And I seem to hear them yet, —

Flashing and crashing, the balls come
dashing

On their savage errand of death
Through sails, yard, mast, coming thun-
dering past

And sweeping the decks beneath.
Ah ! the wild, shrill cries, and the agonies
Of the wounded — the decks all red
With the blood of the dying and dead !
The living all firing and loading —

The guns in flashes exploding —
And the fierce wild courage and cry
As the balls told sternly their terrible tale,
Sweeping the decks with their iron hail,
Tearing through masts and yard and sail,
As they crash relentlessly by ;

Till after what seemed like months had
passed,
Though they were but moments — at last
— at last

The enemy's flag was struck from the mast,
To our wild cry — Victory !

Ah ! my friend, what am I, that am brag-
ging so

Of the time that is dead and gone ?
What am I now — from stern to prow,
But a wretched old hulk, razed, cut down,
With not even one old cracked gun ? —
That never again will feel the strain
Of the wind in my swelling sails, —
Never freely careening, and swinging, and
leaning,

Speed over the bounding main.
Never ! — ah, never again !

Even now while I tell these old-world
tales,

Though you listen with deference due
To age, old age, — there's a hidden smile
Lurks under that deference all the while,
And a smile of pity too.

Still, while I am telling, my heart keeps
swelling

With thoughts of the days I knew,
Till I almost seem to feel those gales
Blowing again in my swelling sails,
As once they used to do.

But pardon ! — pardon ! — I'll say no more ;
I'm a poor old hulk, and the days of yore,
With all their gladness and reckless mad-
ness,

For me are utterly o'er !
And perhaps even you, if you're honest
and true,
Will confess that this prattle of voyage and
battle

Is simply a tedious bore,
Or at best must seem like the idle dream
Of a bragging old "Seventy-Four."

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